WILL NEWTON
THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER

BY

GERRISH

O. F. KNOWLES & CO.

President Lincoln Reviewing the Army at Antietam.

Will Newton

The Young Volunteer,

By T. Gerrish,

Author of "Reminiscences of The War," The Blue and The Gray," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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DEDICATION.

To the Sons of those Noble Patriots who
fought in defense of the Union in the
late Civil War
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

The writer has no apology to offer in presenting this book to the public. No attempt has been made to display literary style. We have had no desire to make the actors and events of the Civil War more interesting by painting them in the colors of fiction. It has been our design to give a truthful description of a soldier's life as it was seen by thousands of the "Boys in Blue." And while the names of its principal actors are fictitious, the characters introduced and the events described will be readily recognized by all survivors of the Union army. We trust that all our readers may derive an inspiration for good from the character and example of "Will Newton, The Young Volunteer."

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CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the month of May, 1861. The deep heavy tones of the church bell had warned the citizens of the little New England village of Maplewood, that it was the hour for public worship; and in obedience to such summons, the worshipers came forth from their homes in picturesque groups. The aged members of the flock walked slowly, as if meditating upon the goodness of God. The middle-aged appeared to understand that the great responsibilities of the present rested upon them. Young men and maidens came forth in all the gaiety of youth, exchanging many words of pleasantry as they passed along; the children, too, came in little groups, looking for the blossoms of spring and rejoicing in the clear warm sunshine. People were also coming from surrounding farms; teams of almost every variety and description, conveying entire family groups, were being drawn up in front of the white church

edifice. It was something unusual to see so large a congregation gathering in Maplewood, and a stranger would have had but little difficulty in discovering that some event of great and universal interest had occurred within that quiet village.

He would have detected it in the solemn words spoken by the older people, as well as by the more excited remarks of the younger, and also by the children anxiously looking in every direction, as if expecting to see some strange personage. The good pastor of the flock, he who had faithfully ministered to its spiritual wants for more than two-score years, seemed this morning to have forgotten the infirmities of his seventy winters, and walked towards the church with a vigor unknown for years.

The house was rapidly filling with people, and while they are taking seats in the straight, high-backed, old-fashioned pews in which former generations had sat and worshiped, we will for a moment look at a youthful personage, one not yet observed by worshiper or scribe.

He was standing in the old church-yard in the rear of the church edifice, almost concealed from view by a clump of small evergreen trees, which

threw their branches out as a friendly screen towards two grass-covered graves. Two white head-stones were standing beside these mounds, bearing on one side the names and ages of the deceased, and upon the other, the words,—Father—Mother. That pale, slender youth, some sixteen years of age, is Will Newton, the only child of the deceased parents. This spot had been frequently visited by him, although he could but indistinctly remember either of them.

There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. His countenance was fair, with blue eyes and dark brown hair, which although closely cut, did not prevent it from lying in curls upon his well formed head. The only thing about him that would attract special attention, was in his dress; for he wore a suit of dark blue clothes, the uniform of a private soldier in the United States Army.

Will Newton had been so deeply absorbed in his own thoughts, that he had not observed the gathering congregation in the church not far off, but as the last stroke of the great bell sent forth its final warning from the tower, he aroused himself and walked rapidly towards the church. He evidently was not aware that he was to be an object of interest

with his old friends, and looked somewhat surprised when as he entered the church, every eye was turned upon him, and a loud whisper,—"There he is,—There he is," ran around the circle of the more youthful worshipers.

He took his seat in an obscure corner of the church near the door, but the excitement did not subside. The choir and congregation came very near breaking down while singing the old familiar hymn,—"A charge to keep I have,"—but they soon rallied and went through the remainder of the hymn with skill and great energy. The accustomed quiet was ere long restored, but the presence of the youthful soldier had affected all the exercises of the occasion.

The pastor announced as his subject for the morning discourse, the old thrilling narrative of David the Shepherd boy, who, in the name of the Lord God of Israel, went forth to battle with Goliah, and while this subject is being presented to the good people of Maplewood, we will for a moment sketch the life of the young man whose presence has created so much interest among the congregation.

Twenty years before the date at which our story opens, William Newton and his young wife had purchased a little farm near the village of Maplewood, where for six years they had lived together in almost unbroken bliss. Before the expiration of those six years however, a dark cloud had gathered over their home. Mr. Newton became the victim of consumption, and after struggling manfully with the disease for two years, he died leaving a heart-broken wife and a son, the latter not quite two years of age. The grass had barely had time to cover the grave of the husband and father, before the remains of the wife and mother were placed beside it, and Will Newton, only three years of age, was left alone in the world.

To settle up the estate, a distant relative of the family living in an adjoining State came to Maplewood. The little farm was sold, the debts paid, and little Will was taken with the few remaining dollars of his father's estate, to reside at the home of the relative. Seven years passed, and then the boy who, during these years, had not been seen by any of the villagers at Maplewood, came back to his native village. He was kindly welcomed by those who had known his parents, and soon became

a favorite among all the young people in the community. His time during the next six years was divided between working for the farmers in the neighborhood, and attending the village school, where by close application to his studies he had become an excellent scholar. A few days prior to the morning on which our story opens, he had journeyed to the city of D.—, twenty miles away, and had there enlisted in the United States Volunteer Service for three years. Good reason why the congregation at Maplewood should be interested, for in their midst was the first man to enlist in the Civil War from their town, and the first soldier in a uniform that many of the people had ever seen.

The sermon was closed, the doxology sung, the benediction pronounced. The congregation pressed around Will to say good-bye, for it had become generally known that he was obliged to return to the city that afternoon, as his company was to leave for the seat of war early on Monday morning. Young men and women gave him many kind words of encouragement, and expressed the best wishes for his safety; the fathers grasped his hand warmly and spoke words of commendation; the mothers looked upon the pale motherless boy with tearful

eyes, and prayed as only mothers can for his safety; children joined in the procession and looked with genuine curiosity upon the hero of the occasion. The pastor gave words of encouragement and Godly admonition. Good deacon Keene was among the last, and had purposely remained behind, so that his message would be remembered. He felt the responsibility of the occasion, for was not he senior deacon of the church, and had he not known Will's father and mother, and had not he officiated in taking charge of the exercises when they were buried from the church? So clearing his voice, and bracing himself for this the supreme moment and effort of his life, he began in a cold, harsh tone of voice,—"Well, young man, I understand that you have enlisted; it is a noble thing for you to do; the country is in danger; many men must give up their lives before the unholy war ceases; I am glad to know you are willing to sacrifice yours; we shall always remember you with pride; and you must remember that it is much more easy for you to go than for other young men, who would be obliged to leave both home and friends. Again I say you are giving your life in a good cause."

The hot blood mounted to Will's temples at these ill-timed remarks; and how far the good deacon would have gone on in the same strain we do not know; but as he was about to resume the thread of his discourse, he was interrupted by a bluff, hearty voice, saying,—"O nonsense, deacon; you must be suffering with an attack of the blues. Will Newton will not die out there, but will come back to shame us old fellows with a memory of the fact that he was the first man in all our town to volunteer; and as for friends and home, no young man in all Maplewood has more friends than Will, and a home he shall have so long as Jerry Lamb has a shingle above his own head."

The speaker, a large framed, broad-shouldered man, with a full red face glowing with good humor, placed special emphasis upon the last sentence. "But say," he continued, addressing the young man, "how do you propose to reach the city, if you must be there to-day."—"I shall probably walk sir," replied Will. "That is right," chimed in good deacon Keene who had not yet retired from the field. "Walk,—that will be good exercise and by it you will get accustomed to the long marches you will have to make." Casting a withering look of

contempt at the worthy speaker, farmer Jerry Lamb blurted out,—"No ; you shan't walk. Come home with me to dinner, and I will carry you out this afternoon with my horse," and while thus speaking, he hurried him from the house to his family carriage in which sat Mrs. Lamb, Miss Lamb, a charming girl of sixteen years, with Tom and Dick, her younger brothers, aged respectively ten and twelve years.

Jerry Lamb was considered one of the most wealthy and influential farmers in the town of Maplewood, and as he drove to his beautiful home on this occasion, he muttered to himself and yet loud enough for the other occupants of the carriage to hear him, "that old deacon Keene is enough to kill any one. The truth is he does not know anything ; and yet I believe that his knowledge exceeds his religion. I don't profess to be a Christian, but I do like to see people a little human-like, and have some regard for the feelings of their fellow-sinners. I vow I felt like choking the old fellow right there in the presence of the parson." And thus he muttered on until the farm was reached.

The substantial New England dinner was soon disposed of:—The fastest horse was harnessed to

the new buggy; affectionate good-byes were said; Mr. Lamb and Will took seats in the carriage and drove rapidly in the direction of D—

The city was reached before night-fall, and within a large field in the outskirts of the town, Will pointed out to Mr. Lamb a large tent, with two or three smaller ones near at hand, where his company was encamped, waiting for the morning train to bear them to Washington, and to War. "Now Will," exclaimed Jerry Lamb, as the boy alighted from the carriage, "if ever you are in trouble, and want assistance of any kind, call on me. I shall expect you to write to us each week:" and without stopping to hear Will's thanks of gratitude, he shook his hand, and leaving there a roll of bank bills, turned his horse and drove in the direction of Maplewood.

Will stood with tearful eyes looking at his kind hearted benefactor, until man, horse and carriage were concealed in a cloud of dust, and then walked slowly in the direction of his company. He passed through the line of sentinals, displaying the pass or leave of absence which his captain had given him, and reported immediately at the tent of that officer. "I am glad to see you promptly on time" said the

captain, "for we are to leave in the morning. Go down to the great tent now, and get a good night's rest."

Will obeyed, and a strange spectacle was presented to him as he entered the huge canvas tent. There were a hundred men within its ample walls employed in a great variety of pursuits. Some were sleeping, others were writing letters, reading papers, eating supper, telling stories, playing cards and other games; while a group of half a dozen young roughs were swearing, laughing, and creating a general disturbance. Young Newton passed along as quietly as possible, and anxious to escape observation, he went to a vacant corner and threw himself upon the ground. The young roughs however, soon discovered him, and decided that he was a good subject for their sport.

He was soon surrounded and plied with all kinds of insulting questions and remarks, to all of which, Will replied with dignified good nature. But that did not satisfy his tormentors, and the leader of the gang soon proceeded to acts of personal violence. Will sprang to his feet, and demanded that they should desist. They greeted this demand with a

loud shout of derision, and instantly forming a ring, cried lustily,—"a fight,"—"a fight,"—"a fight."

The young ruffian who was evidently the acknowledged leader of the band, was a great, burly fellow, and looked upon his slim antagonist for a moment with a smile of derision; then advancing brought his open hand across Will's face with a ringing blow. This was hailed with a howl of delight by his allies; but their joy was of brief duration. For an instant, Will stood with the blood flowing in a crimson torrent from his nostrils; then something flashed out from his shoulder, and his right hand, clenched solid like a hammer, rang with a loud report upon the ear of his antagonist, who fell as if dead at his feet.

For a moment not a word was spoken by the fifty men who were spectators of the scene. The friends of the fallen ruffian rushed towards Will who stood like a lion at bay, crying,—"Knock him down—shoot him—kill him." In that moment of peril, the pale slender lad seemed transformed to a veteran. What the result would have been, we shall never know, for as they were thus rushing upon their foe, a man who had been a witness of the whole affair from its beginning, sprang to Will's

side and shouted,—"Luff off there ye lubbers, or I will sink every mother's son of you; this chap is all right,—I was mighty glad to see him send that young pirate there gasping on his beam ends; and now if any of you want satisfaction, call on me. My name is Bill Logan, I have followed the sea for thirty years, went round this globe before you lubbers were born, and if you are spoiling for a fight, I can take any six of you at once, and then not have cargo enough to make me a good ballast; but if one of you puts his dirty fingers on this boy I will know the reason why; and he had better say his prayers before he undertakes the job."

Just at this moment, the captain broke through the ring, and in angry tones demanded, "Who is the cause of all this trouble?" "'Twas him, sir," quickly said the crest-fallen friends of the fallen ruffian, pointing to young Newton. "Every thing was all right until he came in here putting on airs and insulting folks by knocking them down." The accused young man was about to indignantly reply; but the angry officer interrupted by saying,—"Silence, sir; and this is in payment for the kindness I have shown you! Here guard, take this fellow to the guard tent and watch him closely until

to-morrow morning," and a moment later, Will was hurried away by the guard to his place of confinement.

The captain returned to his quarters. The guilty roughs were exulting over the success of their base falsehood. Bill Logan, the champion of Will Newton, stood alone as if dum-founded by the events which had so rapidly transpired around him.

The latter personage, as he has already stated, had been a seaman, and had followed the roving life of a sailor for thirty years. Although at this time he was but little over forty years of age, short in stature, fleshy, with a full round face, broad shoulders, which were a little stooped, and limbs of gigantic size. His gait, was that so peculiar to seafaring men, whether on sea or land. At heart he was as kind as a woman, but as fearless as a lion. He had visited nearly every large city in the world, and had encountered humanity in its lowest conditions. He had been involved in many desperate struggles before he stood forth in defense of young Newton, whom he had beheld on this occasion for the first time in his life.

Logan had accidentally drifted to the city of D— and having become weary of a sailor's life had, on the preceding day, enlisted in the United States service. He had been employed all day on Sunday in endeavoring to become accustomed to his uniform, which he styled the "blue toggery put on him by Uncle Sam."

As the captain disappeared, Bill muttered, "Well I'll be blowed if I ever saw any thing like that. I have heard of being tried without Judge or Jury, but this beats all. I'll just work up before the wind to the old man's quarters and give him a salute."

And in genuine sailor fashion, he gave his blue pants an extra hitch, and proceeded to roll along the path leading to the captain's tent. Fortunately for our friend, the canvas door of the tent was open, so that when he was within half a dozen feet of the tent, he saw the captain with a number of officers within. When Bill saw this, to use his own language, "he came immediately up before the wind," and putting his cap under his arm sang out, "A hoy there, sir!" And without waiting for his challenge to be answered, he "let go," and stood within the door-way.

As the astonished officers looked up to see who the intruder was, he began, "Look here, old man, I don't know much about your military lingo, but I am a chap who has seen knock-downs enough to know what fair play is, and to know the difference between a neat, nice, twig little sloop of war minding its own business, and a great, over grown, double decked son of a gun what fires on every thing he sees."

"Explain what you mean, sir!" said the captain.

"Just what I came for, old man," replied Bill,—"that little craft that you have just towed away in disgrace, is all right. He sailed in just like a gentleman, and dropt his anchor, with a friendly salute for every one, and those young pirates tackled him. He knocked the leader stern foremost quicker than you could splice a main brace: and if you had not hove in sight just as you did, the whole fleet of them would have gone to Davy Jones Locker together. I tell you, old man, that lad has got the metal in him. It would have done you good to see the shot he let fly from that starboard gun of his. The other fellow struck his colors in a minute; and when the whole crowd got out their grappling irons to board him, he faced the fire first-class. He has

got grit in him, old man, and my advise is, give him fair play." And rolling the quid of tobacco in his mouth with renewed energy, Bill Logan returned to the tent, where the scowls of the ruffians were showered upon him.

As he unrolled his blankets, and prepared to camp down for the night, he gave them his parting salutation in this manner: "You understand that my offer is a standing one. I am not in the habit of flogging children, but if you want to try me at any time, I am ready for any six of you at the same time."

Will Newton was in the tent that served as a guard house. He was hungry, weary and excited. His face and clothes were covered with blood; but all these were forgotten by him in his indignation caused by the treatment he had received from the captain.

Thus the night passed, and at early dawn all was life and bustle around and in the great tent. Before breakfast was served to the men, they were ordered to form a line in front of the captain's tent.

That officer referred briefly to the affair of the previous evening, and warned the men that any

disobedience of orders on their part would bring severe punishment upon them. He then instructed the guard to bring the prisoner from the guard house.

Young Newton's assailants were in high glee over the humiliation of their opponent. Bill Logan ground his teeth in silent rage. A moment later and the guard returned with their prisoner, but not as we saw him last. The blood had been washed from his face and clothes, and as he walked between the sentinels he appeared to be cheerful and happy.

The captain took him by the hand and said, "Newton, I want to say before these men, that I was misinformed as to the nature and instigators of the trouble last night. You were most unjustly punished. I have since learned the facts in the case. You are completely exonerated from all blame; and as a token of my confidence in you, I have promoted you to be a corporal. As for those who assailed you last night, I have only to say, that their conduct will be watched in the future, and all offenses will be punished. You may now break ranks.

Will Newton was delighted to stand thus exonerated before his comrades.

The young ruffians were thoroughly discomfited; and Bill Logan was heard to mutter,—"Right always prevails in the end." The men were all very busy. Three days rations were to be stowed away in their haversacks; clothing and other matters were to be neatly packed in their knapsacks; guns and equipments were to be made ready for immediate use.

Young Newton used great care in packing his knapsack, and in the safest place, he, with great reverence, placed a small leathern bound copy of the Scriptures; for upon its fly-leaf was written in a beautiful hand, the maiden name of that dear mother whom he could only so indistinctly remember.

The loud beating of the drums called the men to "fall in." The column was quickly formed; the line of march taken up for the depot, and Will Newton was on his way to the seat of War.

CHAPTER II.

There was much for Will Newton to learn. It was the first time that he had ever rode a hundred miles from his native village, save when as a child he went to the home of his relative. At a junction of the rail-road, his company joined the regiment of which it was to compose a part. A thousand men strong, crowding the long train of cars to overflowing, rushed madly on, across fields and rivers, winding along hill-sides, dashing through tunnels, villages and cities, stopping only now and then to march from one depot to another, until Washington was reached.

It was not the magnificent city of Washington as it exists at the present time. The beautiful streets and parks, the elegant mansions, statues and shade-trees which makes it now the most wonderful city on the continent, were not there.

When Will Newton's regiment went marching through it early in June, 1864, there was dirt and disorder everywhere. Groups of infantry, squads

of cavalry, lines of sentinels, batteries of artillery were seen along the streets and squares of the city.

The regiment marched along some of the principal streets, then across the Potomac river on the long bridge, and halted upon the famous Arlington Heights in Virginia. It was night when they arrived there, and they received orders to go into camp. There were ten companies in the regiment, each composed of one hundred men. Each company was encamped by itself, in two rows of small tents, so pitched that there was a vacant space of some twenty yards between the rows, which space was known as the company street.

The small tents which the men were to occupy were each large enough to accommodate four men. The companies were speedily divided into squads or messes of four.

Will Newton watched this mode of division into family groups with a great deal of interest and curiosity. He wondered who would be willing to cast in their lot with him. While he was thus musing. he was approached by Bill Logan, who rolling his quid in his mouth, and giving his trousers an extra hitch, remarked, "Well, corporal;

providing you are willing, why not we ship as messmates for the voyage. You may have already noticed that I am not a polished stick of timber, but I believe in fair play, and always stand by ready to lend a hand when a messmate is in trouble."

Will was of course delighted at the prospect of having his old defender become his tent-mate, and by the time their arrangements were made, the squads were all formed, and owing to the fact that there was not a full hundred men in the company, there were none to share their tent with them, which was a very gratifying fact to both.

It was a new life upon which Will Newton had thus entered; a life so filled with strange events and unique features, that we must despair of giving our young readers a truthful picture of it. So much to learn that was novel in its character, and so difficult to become familiar with.

The first night passed on Virginian soil was a memorable one in the life of young Newton. After the nine o'clock tattoo had been sounded, and silence reigned supreme over the encampment, Will sat out upon the hill-side near his tent to survey the strange scene. It was a most lovely view. The atmosphere was warm and balmy, a soft wind

breathed sweetly among the tents, the stars twinkled indolently from the velvety cheeks of the sky. The moon shone languidly, and but dimly illuminated the scene. In the distance could be seen the domes and spires of Washington. Between the city and Arlington Heights there was a dense broad belt of mist which hung suspended above the sluggish waters of the Potomac river. Along the Heights of Arlington as far as the eye could see, long lines of white tents appeared in which thousands of soldiers were sleeping. There were also extensive lines of partially completed earth-works and forts, while sentinels slowly marching along their solitary beats, made up a scene worthy of the artist's brush.

Will Newton drank this all in with a keen relish for a time, but unconsciously his mind wandered from these war-like surroundings, and went back to the little village of Maplewood, the churchyard, the groves, and all the living friends whom he had left there. A strange, homesick feeling came over him as he realized his homeless, friendless condition. A great sob surged up from his heavy heart, and tears ran like rain down over his face. He heeded not how time was passing until he was suddenly aroused

by a heavy hand being placed upon his shoulder, and the kind voice of his tent-mate was heard, saying, "Come, come, my boy! you must not be homesick; you will soon get used to this, and then you will be all right."

Will entered the little tent, lay down between the army blankets and sobbed himself to sleep.

When morning dawned all the indications of homesickness had passed away. There was so much to see, to learn, and to do, that there was but little time to think about home or friends. To become accustomed to the army rations was, of course, one of the first, and also one of the most difficult tasks that Will had to accomplish. It did seem so strange to him to sit down upon the ground to eat instead of at a table, as at home. And instead of the three, square, hearty meals furnished on the farm where he had worked, there were the nine cakes of hard bread for each day's rations, a small piece of meat, and a tin cup filled with coffee dealt out at each meal by the company cook.

"Not much nourishment or juice to this hard-tack!" quoth Bill Logan to his friend, as they were eating their first dinner on Arlington Heights; "but we will get used to it after a while." And so they

continued to grind the hard cakes and drink the black coffee, until even Will came to regard these almost as luxuries.

There were so many bugle calls, and so many duties to perform, that for a few days young Newton was completely confused, not knowing which came first; and when one duty was done he knew not what would come next. But he was determined to master the situation, and by careful observation he soon had the difficult matter all systemized, and a complete programme of each day's duties in his mind.

It may be a matter of some interest to our readers to know how the time of our young volunteer was occupied. In the morning, at sunrise, there was reveille. At this call, the men formed a line in the company street, while the orderly sergeant called a roll of all the names in the company. Those present answering "here," as their names were called. The absent were accounted for, and the sergeant reported to the captain, who in turn reported to the adjutant of the regiment, so that the whereabouts of each man in the command was known the first thing in the morning. This was followed by the call for breakfast. After breakfast the men turned

out to police the street, during which process the tents were put in order, and all rubbish was removed from the street and around the tents. At eight o'clock the bugle sounded the sick-call; and the sick men in each company who were able to walk, under the command of a sergeant, marched to the surgeons' tents to be examined and to have their wants supplied. Those who were unable to go were visited by the surgeon in their tents. At nine o'clock there was guard-mounting, when those detailed for guard marched from their respective companies to the parade ground in front of the colonel's tent, where they were examined or inspected by the sergeant major and adjutant. At ten o'clock came the company drill, which was an event of considerable importance in the daily life of the soldier.

Oh! such a drill! marching and countermarching, moving by the flank, wheeling upon a pivot.

Then the manual of arms was a mystery which it seemed the men could never understand, for of course they were very awkward. The sun was hot, and two hours of exercise like this, gave them a keen relish for the dinners of hard-tack, pork and coffee which awaited them.

At one o'clock they usually policed the regimental camp. At two o'clock came battalion drill, when for two hours the entire regiment in one body was drilled by the colonel assisted by the other field officers of the regiment. At six o'clock they had supper; at sunset the regiment went out on dress parade, and at nine o'clock there was tattoo or taps as it was usually called.

On Sundays there was no drill, but a regimental inspection. At ten o'clock, and also in the afternoon, there were religious services. The regiment formed in a hollow square, facing inward, and the chaplain, surrounded by the officers, standing in the center to conduct the services.

Will Newton resolved to perform his duties faithfully. He was quick to learn, and soon became the most expert man in the manual of arms in his company. His uniform was always neat and clean; his gun and equipments models of cleanliness; his shoes nicely polished. The regimental inspector one Sabbath morning, pronounced him the model soldier of the regiment.

But in the midst of these manifold duties and strange associations, Will always found time to read his Bible, and before retiring at night, he repeated

the prayer which he had learned in childhood. It was his custom to read a chapter aloud in the tent each evening. Bill Logan had kindly assented to this, and always listened with the closest attention.

This habit of reading aloud from the Bible was soon discovered by his comrades, and a portion of them, among whom were some of those who had assaulted him on that memorable Sabbath, resolved to ridicule him until he should abandon the practice. They would gather on the outside around his tent, groan and make the most hideous noises to disturb him.

Bill Logan endured this for several nights, and when they had closed one of their most remarkable displays of rowdyism, Bill remarked,—"Look here, messmate, don't it say somewhere in that good book, that we must watch as well as pray?"

"Yes Bill, there is something like that found here; but why do you ask?" replied Newton.

"O nothing," responded the other; "only I am not good for much on a prayer; you attend to that; but I feel divinely moved upon to *watch*, while you *pray*; and we will begin to-morrow night."

Will asked no questions on the following evening, when just before the time for the evening devo-

tions, he saw Bill take from beneath his blanket a large green-hide whip, such as were used in driving the mule teams; conceal it under his loose blouse and pass out into the darkness.

Will began to read aloud in a clear distinct tone of voice.

There was heard a rustling of some half dozen forms gathering in the grass around the tent. A series of grunts and groans made the night hideous.

Bill Logan, who had been concealed behind a neighboring tent, came quietly forward.

The great whip wielded by his powerful arm sang and whistled through the air and came down with great force upon the bowed forms before him; thicker and faster fell the blows, and the culprits jumped and ran away howling with pain, and as thoroughly frightened as if the whole Southern confederacy had broken loose upon them.

Bill Logan entered the tent and laughed until he fell upon the ground, exclaiming, "that whip which I borrowed of a mule driver had a powerful influence upon these fellows."

The wicked persecutors never attempted anything of the kind again, and they carried the marks made by the whip for several weeks.

Notwithstanding all the work, there were some leisure hours in camp, and many were the games invented and introduced to while away the time.

Will had made many intimate friends, and as there were a large number of young men in the company he did not lack for pleasant associates.

Some of the games he enjoyed, and engaged in them with all the ardor and zeal of boyhood.

There was much gambling done and scarcely a tent could be found in the whole company, save that one occupied by young Newton, but what contained one or more packs of cards. Nearly all those who did not gamble for money, played for pleasure.

Some of Will's young comrades were very anxious that he should play. He would plead ignorance of the game; as he had not only never played but had never seen any playing cards until after he had enlisted.

They offered to teach him the game. Will said that he did not think it was right to play with them.

"O, nonsense!"—urged the others. "What possible harm can come from handling these little pieces of pasteboard; it is only in fun." Other voices

chimed in, to increase the pressure brought to bear upon him.

There was a peculiar fascination about the beautifully painted cards which had a singular influence over Will; and within his own mind he reasoned, "What harm can come from it."

But a little voice in his heart was speaking and telling him that he had better say no before the victory was fairly won.

He heard his name called by Bill Logan, and hastened to ascertain what was wanted.

"Will," said he, "I never want you to learn to play cards," as young Newton entered the tent.

"Why not?" asked Will, with a smile.

Reason enough! said the other. I could tell you a story about cards that you would not forget in a hurry.

"Well, Bill; I am very glad you spoke to me when you did, although I guess I should have said no if you had not called me; but I will confess that I was having quite a little struggle in my breast. But now I will lie down beside you on the blankets while you tell me the story; for I know that I shall enjoy it very much.

"Well, I don't mind," said the other. "I am not much of a hand to spin a yarn, but will do the best I can, and you will soon know why I advise you and all other young men to let cards alone.

You know I began to follow the sea when I was only ten years of age. For the first two years I went as a cabin-boy; and then thinking that I was a man, I shipped before the mast, and went as ordinary sailor. The forecastle was a rough, hard place in those days, worse than it is now by a great deal. I had not been there many months before I could sing foolish songs, swear, chew tobacco, drink a mug of New England rum, and play cards with the best of them.

When I was about sixteen years old, I shipped on board a large merchantman at New York, bound for Liverpool. We had good officers, a fine crew, and as noble a craft as ever crossed the Atlantic. Among the crew was a young man about my own age. He was a good sailor, a kind-hearted, steady-going chap. When he was off duty, instead of playing cards and drinking grog with the rest of us, he used to read books and write letters.

He quickly earned the name of deacon, and was soon called by that title by the whole crew, includ-

ing the officers. He always answered to his name, and never seemed disturbed about it.

Well, I used to coax the deacon to play cards.

For a long time he refused to give his consent, but at last he yielded the point if I would teach him how it was done. But, bless you, it was no work to teach him, for he learned so easily that before the end of the first week he could shuffle a pack of cards like an old gambler. I took especial pains to show him all the tricks of cheating in the various games; and it was not long before he could beat me more than half the time.

The devil himself seemed to help the deacon along, for I never knew a man to hold such hands as he would.

Why, I have played with him for hours, and when I would get a pair, he would have two pairs; if I held the two pairs he would have threes; when I got threes of a kind he was sure to have fours, or a straight, or a flush, or something else that would beat mine.

Having this remarkable luck, he became terribly interested in the game. When I could not play with him he would play with the other fellows.

He no longer had any interest in his reading or his writing, and I almost felt that he ought not to be called deacon any more.

Before we reached Liverpool he was a completely changed man, and I began to feel badly that I had induced him to play.

From Liverpool we sailed for San Francisco. It was a long, tedious voyage; the weather was stormy and the sea rough. Before we arrived in port my messmate had become a confirmed gambler. He also had learned to swear and drink rum. All his spare time was spent at the cards.

It made my heart ache sometimes to pass by him when he was playing, and hear the oaths fall from his lips, and see the fire flash in his eyes. I tried to reason with him but it was of no use. The cards had captured him, soul and body. He only laughed at my fears. The whole crew admitted that the deacon was the most skillful and respectable card-player on board the ship.

While we were at San Francisco, the deacon got permission one afternoon to go on shore for a few hours. The next morning he had not returned. Late in the day the old man sent three of us ashore to see if we could find him. We visited the saloons

and dens such as sailors usually frequent, but could find no indications of our missing man. Late in the evening, just as we were about to return to the ship, we entered one of the worst saloons that I ever visited, and as we passed into the back room, we found a crowd of about fifty men, made up largely of Spaniards, Italians and Mexicans, and the deacon was among them at a table playing bluff with three desperadoes. I saw at a glance that the deacon had been drinking. His face was flushed and his eyes gleamed like coals of fire.

He saw us enter, but gave no sign of recognition. The devil had evidently been favoring him, for he had been winning large sums of money. Golden coins were jingling in every pocket, and a large yellow stack of them was piled up beside him. A great sum of money was on the board, and they were betting on their cards.

Two of the four had already dropped out. It was now between the deacon and a desperate looking Spaniard. The whole crowd were armed with knives and pistols, and I trembled for our safety.

"I will raise you one hundred dollars," said the deacon, as he flung a handful of doubloons on the board. The Spaniard stealthily took a card from

beneath him on the chair, and replied in broken English, "I sees your hundred, and goes one hundred more." The deacon, with rare skill, slipped a card from his sleeve, looked a moment, and said, "I will cover your money and raise you five hundred dollars."

The Spaniard was staggered. He glanced first at his own hand, and then at the almost livid countenance of his opponent. Five hundred dollars would take all the money he possessed. It was but for a moment that he hesitated, and fifty pieces of gold were added to the pile upon the center of the board.

"I calls, what have you?" said the Spaniard.

"Fours," replied the deacon.

"Fours here, too," responded the other; "and queens at that!"

"Ah! kings, here!" said the deacon, as he threw four crowned heads upon the table, and then reached forth his right hand to pull in the money.

The Spaniard looked like a demon, and drawing a dagger, quicker than a flash, he drove the long, glittering blade through the arm of my friend, pinning it fast to the board upon which it had rested.

All was confusion. Pistol shots and yells filled the room. I can only remember smashing a chair over the Spaniard's head, and then all was dark.

When I awoke, I saw that I was in the same room. I had been badly injured, and so were my companions; but worse than all the rest, my young friend lay cold and lifeless upon the floor. A pistol shot had passed through his heart.

The next day we buried him in the city, and as I stood over his unmarked grave, I resolved that I would never play another game of cards, or drink another drop of liquor.

Many years have passed since then, and during those years I have been in all parts of the world, but I have never seen a single hour that I was not glad that I had made that decision. And whenever I see a young man or boy learning to play cards, I always want to tell them of the terrible danger that slumbers in those harmless, innocent looking pieces of paste board. That is the reason I do not want you to learn to play."

Will had been deeply affected by the story, and again thanked his friend for his timely advice, and solemnly pledged himself never to play cards even for simple amusement.

Young Newton derived much pleasure during those weeks from his correspondence. There was scarcely a man who received as many letters as did he; and whenever the bugle call, "fall in for mail" was heard, Will was always among the most anxious for it to arrive; and nearly every day, one or more letters was received. Many of them came from the Lamb family, and one at least each week written in a coarse, sprawling hand, signed,—Your friend, Jerry Lamb.

In return he wrote his friends in Maplewood full description of his army life, and also of the country in which they were encamped. These letters were eagerly read by his old friends; and one letter in which he had spoken of his zeal for the prosecution of the war, and of his love for the country, was taken into the *pulpit* and read aloud to the people by the pastor.

Young Newton was a most excellent penman, and that fact added much to the amount of labor he was called upon to perform. He was frequently called to the captain's tent to assist in making up the company rolls. While there, he was brought into contact with many of the officers, and before many weeks had passed, there was not a non-com-

missioned officer in the regiment who had so extensive an acquaintance as that enjoyed by Will Newton. He was so prompt in performing all his duties, so polite and pleasing in his manners, that he became a general favorite with all who knew him.

There were a number of men in his company who could not write, and these soon learned to go to Will for assistance; and he gladly employed his rapid skillful pen in writing letters for them.

Among those who thus came to him for help was the young fellow who had assaulted him in the large tent, on that memorable Sabbath evening, in the city of D—; also, several of those who united with him in that brutal attack, came for the same purpose. These were the same who had endeavored to ridicule him but a few weeks ago for reading the Bible aloud in his tent. But they never referred to those matters, and Will was glad to assist them, and secure their friendship.

One evening he had been engaged to write a letter for his old enemy, whose name was Bob Stacy, to his mother, who then resided in Boston. The letter was completed, and read aloud for Bob's approval or disapproval. But unlike his usual custom, Bob was silent.

"What is the trouble Bob," queried the writer; "Are you not satisfied with it?"

"Oh! it is not that." said the other,—"but do you know Will, what I was thinking about?"

"Of course not, how can I read your thoughts" said Will.

"Well, sir; I was thinking how proud my poor old mother in Boston would be, if she had a son who could write a letter like that," and as he spoke, his coarse voice became a little husky,—"And I was also thinking how mighty mean I have treated you, and am now obliged to depend upon you to write for me my letters,"—and the rough chin quivered as he spoke.

"O, never mind about that, Bob; I had forgotten all about it; and upon the whole I do not know but that Bill Logan and I ought to apologize to you for the blow I gave you in the tent, and for the horse-whipping he gave you here."

Bob's face did not lose its doleful look as he continued,—"You both served me just right; but Will, I have been thinking for several days that I wanted to do better. I have watched you, and I believe you get along easier than I do, and have more friends. I want to be and to do like you; and

before you seal the letter, write at the bottom of the page to mother, that I am going to try and be a better man ;" and as he wiped the tears from his eyes, he added, "ask her to pray for her poor wicked boy that he may do better."

Will was not only surprised, but delighted to hear these words from his old tormentor. He encouraged Bob, and invited him to visit his tent each evening, and listen while he read a chapter from the Bible.

When he informed Bill Logan of what had taken place, the latter was speechless for a moment, then discharging a large quantity of tobacco juice from his lips, remarked,—"It beats the world how you have conquered that fellow. Nothing outside of the Scriptures compares with it. I declare it reminds me of that yarn in the Old Testament, where that young Noah, who left his flock of sheep, and hid in the basket of bulrushes, and laid out the old Giant Goliah"—

Bill's speech was interrupted by the loud laughter of Will, who informed him that his Scripture was sadly mixed.

"Well, perhaps so," said Bill ; "it is manyyears since I used to box the Scriptural compass in the

Sunday-school, and have probably lost the regular points."

Thus the days passed, and when the first of July came, Will had learned not only to be a soldier, but had found his way to the hearts and good wishes of his commanding officers, and also of the comrades in his company.

CHAPTER III.

The Federal Army was preparing for a battle. The Confederates were entrenched at Manassas, just beyond the Bull Run stream. The Union forces under the command of General McDowell, were moving forward to give them battle. Will, in common with all the young men in his regiment, was anxious to meet the Confederates. They of course knew nothing of war; nothing about the scenes and experiences of the battle field; nothing in relation to the brave, stubborn men whom they were to encounter upon the red fields of war.

It was on the 21st of July. There had been a skirmish the previous evening, and to-day the great battle was to be fought. Will's regiment was near the extreme right of the Union army, and was to cross Bull Run stream at the upper bridge, or ford.

It was an exciting morning in the life of our hero. How eagerly he watched all the preliminary

movements of the Union army. The long lines of infantry moving at a rapid gait along the roads, and across the fields; squadrons of cavalry dashing in almost every direction; batteries of artillery, with six horses attached to each gun, and the same number to each ammunition wagon thundering along the roads; officers with their escorts riding rapidly to overtake their respective commands; ambulances, baggage wagons, sutler's wagons; horses led by scores of colored men bearing officers baggage.

It was a scene of great confusion to Will, and he wondered how any one commander could bring system and order out of such chaos.

The stream was finally crossed, and in the intense heat, the battle lines began to form. Will could now see but little of what was transpiring; but within the narrow scope of his vision, he watched intently all that was taking place.

In front of the field where his regiment was halted, a skirmish line was formed, consisting of men who had been detailed from the various regiments for that purpose. These men were stationed about twenty feet apart, and at the word of command, moved forward promptly and at a rapid rate

through the under-brush in front of the Union line of battle.

Will knew that these men had been sent forward to develop or uncover the enemy's position, and that the conflict would soon open. Anxiously he watched the advancing skirmishers, as he caught occasional glimpses of their blue forms gliding through the bushes. Suddenly he saw a puff of white smoke; the sharp crack of a rifle came ringing upon the air; then, crack! crack! crack! came from the skirmishers' rifles all along the line, like a cluster of fire-crackers. A little cloud of blue smoke rose above the under-brush. Then rifle shots, humming like bees, went through the air over Will's head. The sound of a scattering volley from beyond the Union skirmishers gave them the information that the battle had began.

Intently did Will listen to these fearful sounds, and frequently he dodged, as a Confederate shot whistled in dangerous proximity to his head. There was a fearful and unexpected crash behind him. A terrible screech was heard in the air. For a moment, Will thought that the whole Southern Confederacy had broken loose in the air above him; crash after crash came in rapid succession, while

the atmosphere seemed alive with yelling, screeching demons.

Our friend quickly learned that a battery of artillery had gone into position behind him, and was hurling its rifled shells at the enemy. The men cheered as the shells crashed above them and a faint yell was heard upon the skirmish line, as the blue coats advanced and pressed their opponents back.

This seeming advantage was only for a moment; for soon the Union skirmishers were obliged to return to their former position, while the Confederate bullets came more rapidly than before. Soon a huge shell went plowing into the ground just in front of Will's company, and exploding, sent a shower of dirt all over the men.

There were many pale cheeks along the line, and but a few could muster a smile as Bill Logan muttered, "Hope they will tack ship before they fire again."

The battle had been raging for some time at different points along the line, and now the brigade of which Will's regiment was a portion, moved forward to take part in the conflict. Will's heart beat more rapidly than usual as they advanced

directly towards the Confederate battery. They could not see the enemy, but the whistling shots and horrible shells, bore ample testimony to their immediate presence,

Gallantly, with well dressed lines they moved forward, the skirmish line still moving in the advance. They marched in this manner for nearly a mile, when they came in sight of the Confederate line of battle, upon an eminence almost a mile distant. The Confederates also discovered them, and turned all the guns of their battery upon the blue column.

For some reason, the line was ordered to halt, and lie down upon the ground. This was quickly done; but Will and his comrades found themselves in an unpleasant and embarrassing position. The skirmishers were shooting at each other in the front; but they could only fire at random, with as great a probability of hitting their own men, as they were the Confederates. The latter's line of battle was beyond the range of their guns. The Confederate artillery was making sad havoc with the Union men. The Union batteries were returning their fire, and shells passed and repassed above the shrinking forms within the Union line, while many

of those from the Confederate guns, fell near, or within their ranks.

Will, pale and frightened, was listening to the awful roar, when a huge shell burst in the air just above them, hurling its missiles of death in every direction. Several men were injured. Will raised his head to see who the victims were, and was horrified to behold his friend, Bob Stacy, in the agonies of death. A huge piece of the ragged iron had torn through his shoulder in such a manner, that life could linger in the shattered tenement but for a moment. Will rushed to his side, bending over the dying man.

Bob was conscious, and recognized his friend. "I am going, Will," he hoarsely whispered, and putting his cold weak arms with a convulsive effort around Will's neck, he whispered,—"Write to my mother that her prayers were answered." A shudder, and Bob Stacy was dead.

Will forgot all the dangerous surroundings, and for a few moments sat by the cold form, clasping his hands, while the tears poured down his face. "Too bad! Too bad!" he murmured, "I shall miss him so much."

Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

These reveries were suddenly interrupted by the cry, "*Fall in! fall in! foward! guide center, double quick, march!*" They were to charge upon the Confederate battery. It is quite impossible for my pen to describe the sensations which passed through Will's mind as they made that grand, wild charge across the field, and up the hill on whose crest the guns were planted. The line of battle, as is usually the case, was very much broken up; officers were shouting their commands; the men were cheering and yelling like so many mad men; shells were crashing among them; there was groaning, praying, swearing and dying.

Bravely the thin, shattered line pressed onward. Will had thrown away everything but his gun and equipments, and being a swift runner, he kept well up with the foremost of his comrades. They climbed the hill-side, and with a cheer sprang towards the battery where guns were still vomiting fire and death. Will, beside himself with excitement, sprang up to one of the guns, and shot down the officer who was in command.

At that moment a line of gray infantrymen, who up to this time had been unobserved by the Union men, arose to their feet and poured a destructive fire

upon the assailants. The Union line staggered and the survivors were hurled down the hill and back over the plain. The shattered remnants of the regiment could not be rallied until they had fallen back to the position they had occupied when the battle opened in the morning.

The conflict was still raging with varying results. Early in the afternoon Will's regiment was again ordered forward. They had advanced but a little distance, when our friend with a number of other men in the company, were detailed to go out and re-inforce the skirmish line. As they thus advanced in front of the line of battle, Will heard a loud shout, and saw Union men hastening to the rear on the right and left. He did not know enough about war to ask himself the question what that indicated, but ran on as fast as he could go. He soon looked over his shoulder to ascertain how far he was in advance of the line of battle, when, to his surprise, he found that it had vanished, and around him he could see Union men hastening to the rear. He waited a few moments to ascertain, if possible, what it all meant, until he found that he was left almost alone upon that portion of the battle field. Then deciding

that some change had been made in the plan of the battle, he went back in search of his regiment.

As he was thus slowly making his way to the rear, for he was very weary, he saw a group of gray horsemen dash out from behind a clump of underbrush and gallop toward him. Then he began to run. The horsemen soon disappeared from view. At a rapid pace, Will continued his way to the rear in search of his regiment, which he expected to find every moment. But to his great surprise, he did not find any body of organized troops whatever; and every soldier whom he saw was moving in the same direction with himself. He could not understand what it meant that men and teams should be hastening back towards Bull Run.

A tall zouave in a splendid uniform, but evidently much demoralized, was dashing past Will to the rear at a three minute gait, and Newton accosted him with,—"Say, comrade, what does all this mean; where are all these men going?"

The tall zouave stopped and looked upon the questioner with a countenance expressive of pity and contempt, and replied, "Mean? why it means that we are licked out of our boots! Mean? it means that we are running for our lives, and that

the rebels will be here in less than three minutes to gobble us all up, and I advise you to git up and git or you will be taken prisoner," and on he ran.

The whole situation, now for the first time, flashed upon Will's mind. The battle had been fought and lost by the Federal army, and now they were all in full retreat from the field.

A retreat from the battle field is one of the most thrilling events in the history of armies. When the retreat becomes a panic, and the officers have no control over the men, it becomes an indescribable scene.

It was one of these events in its most awful aspect that burst upon the vision of Will Newton, as he made his way towards the Bull Run stream. The surface of the country was quite level, and as the fences had been torn down, there were no formidable barriers to prevent men and horses from moving across the fields in any direction.

There were at least half a dozen roads leading from the battle field upon the Federal right, to the upper bridge which crossed the stream. These roads were all crowded with teams, three or four of them abreast, rushing along regardless of frequent collision, each intent on reaching the bridge at the earli-

est possible moment. Artillery, baggage wagons and ambulances, all struggling in the wildest confusion. Across the fields, other teams came tearing along, and plunged into the living mass, adding confusion and terror to the already confused and terrified mass. The horses seemed to have caught the panic, or the inspiration of flight, and with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, dashed onward at the highest possible rate of speed. Their drivers, beside themselves with fear, shouted at the top of their voices and plied the whip with great vigor. The infantry had lost all semblance of an organization, and brave men who had on that day faced death fearlessly, were being borne backward by the terrible panic that reigned supreme.

For some reason the whole army was panic stricken and flying from a field that they had nearly won.

In the midst of all this excitement, a baggage wagon was overturned near the bridge. Immediately three or four others crashed upon it, thus filling and blocking the passage with a huge mass of ruins. Then followed a scene which beggars all description. Men, horses and wagons were heaped up in one great mass. Other teams dashed upon them, only to add to the horrors of the awful scene. Team-

sters in the rear, and others who were in the surrounding fields, now cut their horses loose from the wagons, guns and caissons, leaving them as spoils for the victorious Confederates. The horses plunging into the stream, swam to the opposite bank. Many of the riders were dismounted in the panic, and scores of noble horses dashed in almost every direction across the field.

It is not strange that Will Newton, too, caught the panic. He threw away his gun, then his equipments, and when Bull Run was reached, he was making as rapid time as the fleetest. He saw at a glance that there was no hope of crossing upon the bridge, so he plunged into the sluggish, muddy water and swam across. Sitting down for a moment upon the bank, he took off his wet shoes and stockings, and resumed his retreat barefooted, fearing that he was not getting along as fast as the exigencies of the case demanded. He threw off his cap and blouse and continued his flight with renewed vigor.

It is a wonderful fact that under such circumstances, a man becomes utterly oblivious to every thing else but his flight. Newton had no conception of the passage of time, the distance he had

run, the direction in which he was running, or the fact that he had not seen a single Federal or Confederate soldier for the last two hours.

As he was climbing a high Virginia fence, he chanced to notice that the sun was passing from view behind the western hills. To his great surprise there were no Confederates within sight. His bare feet were bleeding profusely; his clothes were wet, and great drops of perspiration were dropping from his face. He was very hungry, and so completely exhausted that he could only with difficulty climb the fence upon which he sat. As he considered his situation, he involuntarily muttered to himself, "What a fool I am!" But something must be done. Night was rapidly approaching. He must have some food, and endeavor to find his regiment.

There was a small farm house not far from where Will was sitting, and he determined to visit it and try to purchase some food. He mustered all the courage he could command and advanced towards the house. But he presented a rather sorry figure as he limped along the foot-path leading to the door of the house. His approach was announced in genuine Virginian style by the barking of half a dozen dogs and by the shouts of an many little negroes, who

laughed, rolled their eyes and displayed their white teeth as Newton passed by them.

The owner of the establishment sat upon his veranda smoking a corn cob pipe.

"Good evening, sir;" quoth Will, as he stood before the Virginian.

"Evening, sir;" was the only reply.

"I am a stranger," continued Newton, "I am hungry and tired, and have come to purchase some food."

"I reckon by your looks that you are one of Lincoln's soldiers," responded the owner of the house.

"Yes, sir;" replied Will, and then the following little dialogue took place:

"Where have you been?"

"Over to Bull Run."

"Has there been a fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who beat?"

"The Confederates, sir."

"Well, that is good news. And what are you fellows down here for, anyway, stranger?"

"To save the Union."

"All nonsense! Old Lincoln has just got you down here to run off our niggers, and nothing else.

I would like to string him up to a tree!" ejaculated the irate Virginian.

"Will you sell me some food?" questioned Will, as the other stopped to take breath.

"No, I won't!" thundered the other. "I will see you and every other nigger hunter in the whole Yankee army starve first! Feed you? I would rather hang you, or shoot you like a dog!" rising to his feet.

During this conversation, Will Newton had been revolving in his mind as to the best course for him to pursue under the unlooked for circumstances, and concluded that he would put on a bold front and "beard the lion in his den."

"O, well," said he, "don't get mad. I only came to get some food, for which I was willing to pay you; but if you are not disposed to let me have it I will return to the regiment and tell the officers about you. Perhaps Mr. Lincoln will want to see you at Washington; at any rate, the colonel, after hearing what you have just said, will be quite willing to send a guard, and escort you to Washington charged with uttering disloyal sentiments."

The man's appearance immediately changed. His bravado all vanished; and in a much more humble

tone of voice he responded, "Well, well, if you wanted food, why didn't you say so when you first came, and not make all this fuss standing there talking politics with me? You sit down here, and I will go in and see about your supper."

The Virginian bustled away to have some food prepared.

As that worthy disappeared, the young negroes gathered nearer to where Will sat upon the veranda, and the oldest of the group, a jet-black bright looking boy of some twelve years of age, asked Will, "Am you a Linkum soger, sah?"

"Yes, I am," replied Will.

"Don't quite see how dat am, sah," responded the little darkey.

"Why," demanded Newton.

"Case, sah, de old massa whom have just gone into de house, told 'is nigger dis day, dat de dam Yankee sogers of Linkum all had horns and hoofs like old satan hisself, and dat dey would kill and eat us all, if dey only cotched us"

Will Newton could not refrain from laughing outright, as he saw the earnestness of the little fellow, and the fear pictured on the face of each one of the children who stood before him. He had

not time however, to disabuse the minds of the litttle ones before him, but inquired of the boy if there were any horses in the barn.

"Three, sah; but don't tell de ole massa dat I told you, for he would raise de very debble wid dis chile if he knowed it."

Further conversation was here interrupted by the host who reported that some supper was ready for the guest.

Will Newton entered the house and sat down to a meal of fried bacon, corn-dodgers and milk. It is quite needless to state that he did ample justice to the meal. Whole battalions of the corn cakes disappeared before him with a most wonderful rapidity.

As he was thus devouring the food, and during the temporary absence of the host, the old negress who was officiating as cook, came to his side and pressing her bony, wrinkled hand upon his head, murmured, "De Lord bress de honey; de Lord bress him."

When his appetite was fully appeased, Will paid for his supper, and carelessly remarked,—"My feet are very sore; have you any horses in your barn?"

"Not a horse," was the reply.

Will paid no attention to the answer, but continued,—"I have to go a long distance to-night, it is not possible for me to walk. I know that you have horses in your barn; let me have one, and I will return him safely to you by to-morrow noon."

"No, sir! I won't do it," was the decided answer.

"Just as you please, sir;" said Newton. "But you need not be surprised if a squad of men should come and take all your horses without asking your leave."

Again the owner of the house was sensibly affected, and replied, "Well, we will have no trouble; I believe you are an honest kind of a fellow if you are a Yankee, and I will let my man Sam ride with you to bring the horse back, if you will promise faithfully to treat me honestly in the matter."

Newton, of course, gladly gave the desired promise, and soon Sam, a stout negro, rode around to the door on horse-back, leading another horse upon which Will was to ride. He paid a liberal price for the accommodation, bade his host good night, and in the gathering gloom commenced his ride with Sam as a companion.

The night was dark, and their advance was necessarily very slow. Newton had no idea of the region and was obliged to depend upon his companion to lead the way.

"To what place do you think we had better go?" asked Will.

"Reckon sah, dat de Yanks am fell back towards Centerville" replied Sam.

So on they rode. It was a tedious ride for Newton, but Sam told stories about hunting possum, and sang plantation songs until his companion laughed in spite of all his misfortunes.

The hours passed slowly away, and when daylight dawned they were in the midst of the stragglers from the Federal army. On every hand were evidences of the terrible defeat. All discipline was gone, and every man was tramping towards Washington upon "his own hook," as rapidly as he could go.

When Will Newton found himself once more with the Union army, a deep sense of mortification and shame oppressed him for the manner in which he had ran from the battle field; and when at noon he found the remnant of his regiment, dismissed his guide, and was welcomed by his old friend,

Bill Logan, that feeling weighed upon him more keenly. He had forgotten the fact that the regiment had fled from the field before he left it.

His comrades welcomed him as one returned from the dead; for they thought he had been killed, or taken prisoner by the enemy. Many of the men in his company had been killed or wounded; and quite a number were among the missing. To his great joy, he found that his tent-mate, Biil Logan, had escaped uninjured.

While exchanging salutations, a message was received that Will Newton was wanted immediately at the captain's tent. Oh, now! thought Will, I am in for it; but I deserve it all. So cowardly in me to run away as I did! and with a downcast look he stood before his captain.

"Newton," said the latter, "I saw your conduct in the battle yesterday," (I deserve all that is coming, thought Will.) "and I must say that I was surprised" continued the captain. (I don't wonder that you were, thought Will.) "Yes," continued the captain, "you charged upon that gun like a veteran. I believe you are the bravest man in my company. I esteemed you highly before, but never thought you had such courage. To-night, at

dress parade, your name will be read as being promoted to a sergeantcy for bravery on the field of battle. How does that suit you?"

"Oh, captain," murmured Will, "I am not worthy of it. Give it to some braver and more worthy man, for I ran away from the battle and disgraced myself forever."

"You ran away? I should think you did! The last I saw of you was when our regiment being flanked, broke and ran. You was out on the skirmish line making straight for Richmond on the double-quick."

"Oh, well; but sir, after that I ran the other way and did not stop until sunset." And Will gave the captain the particulars of his retreat, and the adventures through which he had pased.

"That is all right, my boy, you were not to blame for running when you had to face the whole Confederate army alone. I am well pleased with your behavior, and now, Sergeant Newton, return to the company and do all in your power to assist in re-organizing the men; for they are all sadly demoralized."

That night, when the company marched in from dress parade, and broke ranks, three cheers were

given for Sergeant Newton, followed by a rousing tiger from the stalwart lungs of Bill Logan.

Thus ended the first battle of our young volunteer. And that night, long after his comrades were asleep, he sat by the little camp-fire and wrote a full account of the whole affair to his friends at the Lamb homestead, in the village of Maplewood.

When the epistle had reached its destination, and had been read for the third time by our old friend Jerry, he closed the letter and prophesied,—"That lad will be a general before the war is over."

One of the first duties attended to by Will after he returned to his regiment, was to write a long letter to Mrs. Stacy, in Boston, informing her of the death of her son, and also giving her full particulars of the change in his life, and the tender message to her breathed from his dying lips.

Thus ended the first battle; and its vivid and keen sensations of pain and pleasure made so deep an impression upon Will's mind, that all succeeding events and conflicts did not obliterate them from his memory.

CHAPTER IV.

Winter came, and with it also came heavy storms of rain and wind; the roads were impassable, so that armies could not move, and the troops immediately went into winter quarters. Little huts were built of logs and covered with canvas cloth, having within a small fire-place made of sods and sticks. They were neither convenient nor elegant: but within them many happy hours were passed. Will Newton and Bill Logan still occupied the same tent, and were almost inseparable companions.

There was much sickness in camp during the months of December and January, and Sergeant Newton was tireless in his efforts to look after, and care for the sick and dying. The chaplain of the regiment being absent from his post on account of sickness, there was no one whose special duty it was to look after the spiritual wants of the sick. Young Newton passed hours each day in his company reading the Bible, writing letters, and

conversing with sick comrades. This fact was soon discovered by other companies, and he received many calls to visit the suffering outside of his own immediate comrades. So far as it was possible for him to do so, he answered every summons, and went like a ministering angel to alleviate suffering.

One day he was called to visit a soldier whom they thought was dying. When Will entered the low damp tent, he was much impressed with the rare beauty of the frail young patient before him, lying in an almost helpless condition upon the ground. As Newton knelt beside him and gently brushed back the chestnut curls from his brow, the poor fellow gasped, "Do you think that I am dying?" and he wept like a child. Will soon discovered that the invalid had no one to care for him; the surgeons had given up his case as hopeless, and he had thus been left to die. Our hero quickly made up his mind as to the course of action he should pursue. He left the invalid and hastened to the tent of the commanding officer of that company.

He met the captain at the door, and with a salute he said, "I am Sergeant Newton of Co.—; there is a young man in your company very sick.

The surgeons say he must die; but I think that if I had him in my own tent, where he could have proper treatment, he would recover. Will you consent that I may remove him."

The officer was a coarse, profane man with but little of the "milk of human kindness" about him, and to the surprise of Will answered, "No! he shall not leave the company unless he is taken to the hospital."

But our friend was not discouraged at this rebuff, and hastening to the surgeon placed the matter before him; but the latter hesitated, fearing that it would be a breach of military courtesy to remove the man against the captain's wishes.

Then Will went to the colonel and related to him all the facts in the case. As the colonel listened to the eloquent words of the thoroughly interested advocate, his eyes moistened, and before he had completed his story, the officer interrupted him by saying, "Come with me, and I will see who commands this regiment. Orderly, tell the surgeon to accompany me."

Down across the parade-ground, almost at a double-quick went the colonel, the surgeon, and Sergeant Newton. The former knocked at the door of the

captain's tent until the whole structure shook. "Captain, come with me," ordered the colonel, and that dum-founded officer could only obey.

Will led the way to the little tent where the sufferer was gasping for breath. The colonel, with the skill of a veteran, arranged a blanket for a couch; tenderly they laid the sick youth upon it, and ordering the surgeon and the captain to carry the burden, he and Will led the way to the cheerful tent of the latter, where the sick man was placed upon the soft comfortable bed.

"There, sergeant," remarked the colonel, "do all you can for him; and surgeon, you will visit this tent at least twice each day, and more frequently if you are sent for. Captain, return to your company and give more attention to your sick men, or I shall be compelled to ask the Governor to put a better man in command of your company." He gave money to the sergeant, and instructing him to call at his tent and inform him how the patient got along, took his departure.

Bill Logan's sympathies were at once enlisted in behalf of the sick man, and he rendered most efficient service to the young nurse. Days passed before the young man became conscious, and it was a long

time before he could fully understand where he was, and how he came to be there. Rest assured that he was very grateful to his benefactor. Will prepared food in such a skillful and attractive manner, that it tempted the appetite of his patient, and thus gradually he gained strength and was won back to life.

There was something mysterious about him which Will could not understand. He never spoke of his family, his friends, or any of his former associates. He never received any letters, and so far as any mention of his former life was concerned, it was all a blank. He was evidently about twenty years of age, and gave signs of being well educated, and of having moved in the best of society. Newton was too much of a gentleman to ask him any questions; but he often wondered about the young man's former history, and the events connected with his enlistment.

They were sitting together alone in the tent one evening, Bill Logan being out on picket, when the young man, whose name was John Wright, thus addressed his benefactor: "Newton, I am to return to my company to-morrow. I am indebted to you for my life, and I feel that before I leave you, I

should tell you some things about myself. I do this in justice to you for your kindness to me; and I feel that it will be a great relief to have some one to share with me my secret and burden, so I will tell you in confidence what no other person in the regiment knows. My true name is not John Wright, but Harry Temple. My family who reside in Lowell, Mass., know nothing of my whereabouts, or even of my existence."

Will looked much surprised at this revelation, but motioned for his companion to go on.

"My father," he continued, "is one of the wealthiest merchants in that city. We have an elegant home; my mother and sister, together with father and myself, constitute the family. I was graduated from the high school and academy when seventeen years of age, and immediately entered Harvard College. At the close of my second year in college, I came home wanting to enlist. My parents and sister would not give their consent. I became angry and dissatisfied and thought my lot in life a hard one. At college I had learned to drink beer and smoke cigars. My father one day saw me enter a saloon; he followed me and found me drinking with boon companions. That night,

when I returned to my home, he gave me a severe reprimand. I became desperate, and possessed with some evil genius, I arose at midnight, silently left the house, fled from the city, and under an assumed name enlisted in this regiment, which was on the point of departure from the State. I have never heard from home since then. They of course know not whether I am living or dead."

"Why do you not inform them where you are?" questioned Will.

"I do not want to do that. I am ashamed to let them know where I am for I have outraged and abused them so much. Had it not been for your kindness, I should have died and no trace of my identity would have remained behind me."

"Do you like a soldier's life?" asked Will.

"I should," said the other, "if I was only strong and well; but I am not. I have been sick all the time since I came to Virginia, although I remained on duty until within a few days before you found me."

Will was silent and thoughtful, he was convinced that his companion was too delicate to endure the hardships of a soldier's life; but how could he secure a furlough or a discharge for him? He

knew that he had nothing to hope from the captain of Harry's company, or from the surgeon of the regiment. He thought of his friend, the colonel, and he resolved to place the matter before him on the morrow.

At an early hour on the following morning, he was seated in the colonel's tent, and told him the whole story as it had been related to him by young Temple.

"The young rascal!" muttered the officer, as Will concluded his narrative. "And you are satisfied that he cannot endure the hardships and exposure of a soldier's life are you?"

"I am sir," replied Will.

"Well, the best thing to do is to send him home. I will arrange the matter and have him discharged on account of disability. Do not mention the matter to him; his discharge will be here within a day or two."

Will returned to his tent just in time to say "Good bye" to young Temple who was returning to his own company. As their two company streets were but a short distance from each other, they promised to exchange visits frequently.

The next morning after Temple returned to his own company, he was detailed to go on picket for three days. The detail without doubt was brought about by his captain who had taken a special dislike to him ever since his first interview with Will Newton. Temple obeyed the order, and in company with the other soldiers, tramped through the mud and water for six miles to the picket line. On arriving there, he was so feeble that the officer in command of the line excused him from duty for the first day.

Sergeant Newton was so occupied with his duties that he did not find an opportunity to call and see his friend for two days. In the meantime, a heavy storm of rain and snow was falling. His heart was filled with anxiety for his friend. As he hastened to his tent, imagine his surprise when informed that he was on picket.

He indignantly hastened to the quarters of the orderly sergeant to ask why such a detail had been made.

"Well, sir," said that official, "the captain said 'include Temple in your picket detail' that morning, and you know I had to obey."

Newton then called at the captain's tent and found that worthy engaged in playing cards with a brother officer. A canteen and two glasses were beside them on the table. Newton, with all the civility that he could muster under the circumstances, enquired after Temple.

The mention of that name was sufficient to inflame the passions of the captain, and bringing his clenched hand down on the table with force enough to make the canteen and glasses jump, he, with a terrible oath, demanded, "Young man, who commands this company, you or I?"

Newton saw it was no use to reply, so turned away and went in search of the surgeon. To reach the tent of the latter, he was obliged to pass the colonel's tent. As he was in the act of passing, he heard that officer's voice cry out, "Sergeant Newton!" He went to the door to see what was wanted.

"Here sergeant," said the colonel, "is Temple's discharge; it has just reached headquarters."

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Will. "The poor fellow is out on picket in this storm, and I was on my way to the surgeon's tent to get him excused from duty if it was possible."

"On picket! How came he there?" sharply demanded the colonel.

"His captain, sir, instructed the sergeant to detail him; but excuse me, sir, I must hasten with this to the picket line."

"You surely will not go to-night?" remarked the other. "It is six miles distant and it is almost dark now."

"Yes, sir; I must go. Temple is so delicate that I fear that he will perish in the storm."

"If you must go," said the colonel, "go to my orderly and get two horses; ride one out and lead the other for Temple to ride back on."

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied Will, as he dashed around the tent to get the horses.

It was after dark, and poor Temple, sick, discouraged, broken-spirited and homesick, sat down on his lonely beat, for he was unable to stand during the whole two hours of his watch. Deeply he regretted his past folly; his heart yearned for home. Oh for one embrace from that mother and sister who were doubtless mourning him as dead.

He was aroused from these sad reflections by some one stumbling in the darkness towards where he was sitting. True to his training as a soldier,

he sprang to his feet and challenged the comer,—"Who comes there?"

"Friend, with the countersign," came the answer through the darkness. "Harry, it is I!" shouted Will.

"I am so glad you have come; but what on earth brought you out here at this time of night?"

By this time Will had reached the place where his friend was standing; he could restrain his joy no longer, but throwing his arms around Temple's neck he burst into tears and cried, "Oh Harry, would you like to go home?"

At the sound of the word home, Temple also broke down, and answered, "Yes; but I shall die out here. I know that I shall never see home again. But why do you ask me that?"

"Because," replied Will, "I have your discharge in my pocket, and have come out here to give it to you. You are your own man now."

Temple was completely overcome. He sank down upon the ground and sobbed as if his heart would break, and continued to repeat, again and again, "Oh Will! I owe it all to you; how shall I ever repay you for all your kindness."

"There is just one way you can pay me, Harry," remarked Will, in a low tone; "and I want you to promise me that, right here, to-night."

"What is it?" asked his companion.

"Promise me that you will never drink any liquor, smoke any tobacco, or use any profane language from this time; and that you will be a good son and brother."

"I promise," solemnly said the other.

"Let us ask God to help you keep that promise," said Newton, and in the blinding storm in the solitary hour of night, those friends knelt down together, and young Newton offered a touching prayer for his companion, that he might have strength given him to fulfill his sacred obligation.

On the following day, Temple bade good bye to his comrades and regiment. Newton accompanied him as far as Washington to take passage on the afternoon express train eastward-bound, and there he bade him good bye.

A few days later, Sergeant Newton received a letter bearing the postmark of Lowell, Mass. It was a long letter, written in a business hand and signed by Clarence Temple. That gentleman was Harry Temple's father. The latter had arrived

safely at his home, to the great joy of his family. The letter contained many expressions of gratitude for Newton's remarkable kindness to young Temple, and closed with something like the following:

"I have been at a loss to know how to repay you for the great debt we owe you, and have determined to do it in a manner that will render some practical benefit to you. I trust that you will not feel insulted for I assure you, it is but a genuine expression of our deep gratitude to you. I have this day placed two thousand dollars to your credit in the Merchant's bank of this city, and enclosed you will find a certificate of deposit in your name for that amount.

Wishing you a safe return to your friends, and hoping to receive a visit from you at some time, I remain,

Truly yours,

CLARENCE TEMPLE.

For a time Newton could not speak; he could hardly think. Two thousand dollars and all his own! He immediately resolved that he would not keep the money, feeling that he had returned no just equivalent for it. He found his old friend Bill Logan, and read the letter to him.

"Keep the money!" said Logan, "Of course you will. Mr. Temple will feel badly if you do not; and then you deserve it. But it does beat all; luck is always on your side. I have sat around this tent for hours and watched you as you worked for that

young Temple. Day and night you worked when I knew that you were tired and sleepy, and sometimes I said to myself, he is a fool! no one will ever even thank him for all his trouble. But I was the fool, and you are now well repaid for all your trouble and labor. I believe that in the end it always pays to do the honest thing, and I am very glad for you."

"Oh, Bill," said the other, "I ought not to have the money; the thought that I had done for young Temple as I would want him to do for me under a change of circumstances, is all the reward that I want."

"Well, perhaps so," replied the practical Logan, "but if you should live to return home from the war, that two thousand dollars would do more to help you about entering business, I think, than all the other enjoyment of which you speak. The old gentleman has lots of money no doubt, and my advice to you is, keep what he has given you."

After much reflection, Newton decided to keep the magnificent present, and he wrote a letter to Mr. Temple expressing gratitude for his kindness. He also wrote to Mr. Lamb in Maplewood, giving the particulars of his great, good fortune.

Farmer Lamb read the letter aloud from beginning to end, three times; then crossing his legs and folding his hands with the wise look of a philosopher, he gravely remarked: "Well, it does beat all!"

CHAPTER V.

As we have stated in the previous chapter, there was much sickness in the regiment during that first winter in Virginia, and there was also very much wickedness. Many of the men having thrown off the restraint of Christian society, and drawn together as they were in large masses, without the refining influence of woman's society, indulged freely in many sinful practices almost unknown to them when they were at home. Profanity prevailed to a fearful extent. It was shocking to hear the fearful oaths used in common conversation by the soldiers, many of whom had not passed in years beyond the limit of boyhood. Will Newton was pained to notice, that in his own company there was scarcely a man who did not indulge freely in this wicked and foolish habit. All the other companies in the regiment, were equally as bad. Gambling became alarmingly common as a pastime. Hours and days were spent by the devotees of cards in playing these various games of chance.

Men would play until their money was all gone; then pocket-knives, tobacco, pipes, stockings, shoes, and other articles of wearing apparel would be put up as stakes. There was also much liquor drank. The orders were very strict against selling liquor to enlisted men; but the venders of this article managed to smuggle it into camp, so that those who drank it were usually well supplied, and if this source of evil had failed, there were many of the officers who would sign orders for the men to get the poison at the brigade commissary.

There were probably but few regiments in the army around Washington that winter more completely given over to these sinful and demoralizing practices, than that of which Will Newton was a member. The line officers were nearly all in sympathy with the condition of affairs, and were themselves as bad, if not worse, than the enlisted men. Among the field officers, the colonel was the only one who was an exception to the rule. He was very temperate in all his own habits, but entertained the opinion that if a man only performed his duty faithfully it did not matter much what he did when off from duty.

Thus matters went on, rapidly becoming worse as the weeks passed away. In all the regiment there was nothing to counteract the influence for evil. The chaplain, from whom such work is expected, was absent from his post, and there was no one to perform the work thus left undone. This state of things troubled Will Newton very much; for in the midst of his manifold duties and all his labors of love, he could but note the moral condition of his comrades. It seemed so terrible to him to see those men organized for war, a large proportion of whom would probably fall upon the battle field before another campaign should close, so utterly careless as to their condition, and plunging into sin at such a fearful rate.

In his own mind he planned many methods to improve the situation, but gave them all up as useless.

One day, in his tent, he resolved to bring the matter before his old friend, Bill, who had so frequently advised him upon matters of importance.

"Tell you, it is of no use to try," replied that worthy. "I know what human natur' is. I have seen it in all parts of the world, under all kinds of colors, and I tell you it is a hard thing to handle. You

may preach and plead and waste all your sympathy, but human natur' will, in the end, have its own way. When it wants to be good, it is all right; and when it wants to be bad, it is bound to be bad, and you may just as well be satisfied. If a man is bound to go to satan, why, wish him well and let him go. That is my motto."

"Oh, no, it isn't, either," replied Will. "I know you too well to believe that; you are always trying to keep men from doing wrong. Now I want to tell you what I saw this forenoon. I went up to see that man in Company B who has been sick for several weeks. I found him dying, and the last words that he uttered as I sat beside him were terrible oaths; cursing God because he was to die. At his tent door sat the fellows who had tented with him, and while he was dying they were playing cards, drinking whiskey and using the most profane language that I ever heard, and I resolved then and there that something should be done to make a change in these things."

Bill Logan had listened very attentively to the remarks of young Newton, for in his own heart he was in sympathy with the position taken by Will; but he had no faith that anything could be done to

change the situation, and in the earnest, practical manner for which he was noted, remarked, "All that may be true, lots of them are worse than the uncivilized heathen; but what do you think that you can do? I know you have lots of grit. You knocked poor Bob out of time in the tent that Sunday night, and you made a man of him afterwards; you have done wonders in the regiment and made every one love you; you charged like a mad elephant on that rebel battery at Bull Run. I know you are quite a chap and can do lots of things that other men bigger than you cannot do; but my advice is, let this job alone; for when you undertake to reform this drunken, reckless regiment, you have taken hold of about as big a job as ever was contracted for since Joshua led the Egyptians dry-shod across the Red sea. Take my advice. Look out for number one, and let every one else do the same."

Will made no reply, but inwardly resolved to undertake the task which was pressing upon his heart. The following day Bill Logan was astonished to hear Will ask him if he could sing.

"Sing?" replied he. "Well, I reckon I used to grind out some tunes when I was a younger man than I am now. I remember how I used to make

the forecastle of our old ship echo; lots and lots of songs I used to sing."

"And when you was a boy, I suppose you used to sing hymns, did you not?" asked Will.

"I should rather say I did," replied the unsuspecting Logan.

"They used to say then, that I was a clipper. Sundays they would put me up in the church gallery with the choir, and I didn't play second fiddle to any of them, either. I would spread every inch of canvas, open my mouth wide, and let her run. The old ladies all said that I would be a parson when I became a man; but I have not seen any symptoms of that since I began to follow the sea."

"It has been a long time since then," said Newton, "but of course you have not forgotten those hymns yet."

"Never shall forget them, sir," replied the other. "I think of them every day, and sometimes I can almost see the old parson and the congregation again."

"I am so pleased to know that," continued Newton; "for I was down to the head-quarters of the Christian Commission this morning, and they gave me lots of hymn books, and this evening I am pro-

posing to get some of the men to come into our tent to have a meeting, and I want you to do the singing."

Bill Logan was, for a moment, a most abject and pitiful looking man, for he saw that his friend had very adroitly got the advantage of him; but being determined to escape from his predicament, he began, "Impossible! sergeant, impossible! I never used to sing any thing but songs; and they were about such men as Robert Kidd and other old pirates. They would hardly be the thing in a meeting I reckon."

"Oh!" said Will, "but you just confessed that you sang in church, and that they thought you would one day be a minister; perhaps you may, who can tell."

"But," pleaded Logan, "my throat is all out of order. and I have forgotten all the old hymns, and I won't learn any of them new fangled 'fol de rols' that they call hymns in these times. No I won't!"

"You are mistaken," said Will. "In these books you will find the same hymns and tunes you sang thirty years ago. I know you will sing, for you never refuse to do anything that I ask you to do;

so look over the book and get ready for meeting. I will go out and invite the congregation to come."

"I'll be blowed;" soliloquized Bill when he was left alone. "I was never so completely sold in my life before, guess I must be losing my faculties; why didn't I take the hint when that rascal was asking about my singing. If I had not been a fool I would have known that something was in the wind. If it had been any live man except Will Newton, I believe I would have thrashed him on the spot; but that fellow is as good as an angel, and if he says sing, I may just as well sing, no matter how big a fool I make of myself, for he will always have his own way. But I will get even with the rascal for this, sometime, or else my name is not Bill Logan."

Evening came. Great preparations had been made in Will's tent for the proposed meeting. The tent itself was larger than the average, and thus afforded superior advantage for the gathering. Four persons could sit upon the edge of the berth or bed which filled nearly one-half of the tent;—four more could sit on the rough bench that extended along beside the table, and a few others could sit on two hard-bread boxes which had been

placed on the tent floor. Two or three could stand or sit in the door-way, and as Bill Logan remarked, "There was room for quite a number outdoors." As there was no gallery for the choir to occupy, Will had placed an empty hard-bread box upon the bed, and after much persuasion had succeeded in getting Bill Logan, hymn book in hand, to take a seat upon it.

The little tent was soon filled with the invited guests; among them were some of the most wicked men in the company. There was also quite a crowd of men on the outside.

Will very modestly introduced the exercises by explaining the object of the meeting. He had thought that perhaps they would enjoy a meeting of that kind once in a while, more than they would the games and methods of entertainment which they had become so accustomed to. He also informed them that Bill Logan had consented to lead the singing, and that he wanted them all to assist. For several moments Bill had been making frantic efforts to clear his throat, and at the proper moment he threw back his head, expanded his lungs, and in a deep, heavy voice began that old hymn, "There's a land that is fairer than day." When

the chorus was reached, to the delight of Will, a large portion of the congregation joined in the singing; and they went through with the whole hymn, as Bill Logan afterwards said, "like a typhoon on the Indian Ocean." When the hymn was closed, the choir looked down on the leader and congregation with a look of self satisfaction, as if it said, "what do you think of that." Will then read the one hundred and third Psalm, and offered a prayer to which the congregation listened with the most profound respect. That was followed by more singing, and thus a whole hour's time was passed, to the enjoyment of all present. As the exercises were about to close, a tall, dark-featured, sharp-eyed fellow, whose name was Dan Eliott, arose. Will was much concerned in mind as he saw him rising to his feet, for Eliott was well known as the most desperate man in the whole regiment. He was one of the famous old forty-niners, who, in that year, went to California in search of gold. He was a very gentlemanly appearing man, but a desperate gambler, reckless to the last degree; a dead shot with the revolver, and it was whispered among the men, that more than one victim had fallen before his unerring aim.

When once upon his feet, he addressed the company like this:—"Gentlemen, our host is a white man. It was very thoughtful in him to arrange this meeting for our entertainment. I have been in all sorts of fandangoes between the Atlantic and Pacific, and am ready to stake my pile that as an entertainment it has been a success. And gentlemen, I propose that we not only thank Sergeant Newton for what he has done, but invite him to continue his show in the future."

"Agreed, agreed!" the men all cried out, and so it was understood that the meetings should be continued. After the congregation had dispersed, Will asked Logan what he thought of it. The latter could only groan, "You do beat the world." "But it was not me at all, persisted Will, it was your singing. I never heard such music. Why, the whole choir and congregation at Maplewood could not do half as well."

Early the following morning Sergeant Newton was seen calling at the colonel's tent. "What can I do for you, sir?" said that officer.

Will laid his plans before him and asked if there was not some tent that he could borrow to hold the meetings in. The colonel thought a moment, and

answered, "Yes, I have a large tent that will be just the thing; but where will you have it pitched?"

"At the end of our company street near my own tent, sir," said Will.

The large wall tent was soon put up in the desired location, and before night came the preliminary arrangements were all perfected. Seats enough to accommodate fifty persons had been arranged. Will had purchased candles to illuminate it in grand style, hymn books had been obtained to furnish all the people who came. Bill Logan, and a few other singers whose services had been secured, occupied elevated seats in one corner of the tent, while Will, the leader, occupied a seat in front of the audience. The exercises were much the same as on the previous evening; only the singing was much more general.

As these were drawing to a close, Dan Eliott again arose, walked to the front and remarked, "Gentlemen, the evening's entertainment has been first-class, and this show must be continued. But there is some expense. Now, I propose that we gentlemen anti up one hundred dollars, and put it in the hands of the manager, Sergeant Newton, to expend for such articles of general amusement as he may think proper. What do you say gentlemen?"

A yell of approval from the entire crowd of men showed that they were all in favor of it. But by this time Will Newton was upon his feet. "I had rather you would not raise the money, comrades," said he; "but if you insist upon doing that, let it be for another object. I can easily pay these bills, but as there are many sick men in the regiment why not spend this money in purchasing some delicacies for them?"

But Dan Eliott was not to be thwarted, "Don't straddle my blind too quick, partner," he rejoined. "I reckon this institution is able to have two funds; one of them literary or religious, whichever you see fit to call it, and the other a charitable fund. If the gentlemen in the audience will anti up the first hundred, and pass the buck to me, I will chip the second hundred."

"Done! Done!" cried a score of voices.

The first hundred dollars was speedily raised, and then the gambler drew a large roll of bills from his pocket, coolly counted off another hundred, and handing it to Sergeant Newton, said,—"Let every thing be done first-class sergeant; you can have more funds if they are needed."

Will was delighted to have the money to be expended for the sick and suffering men, and as he returned to his tent he was estimating how much comfort it would afford them.

There was a meeting held in the chapel tent every evening for many weeks. A strange, mysterious power began to effect the men. Will Newton found that his heart was strangely drawn towards those who gathered in the meetings. His prayers became more urgent and direct that God would bless and save them from sin. His words to them became urgent appeals to live different lives; and as they listened, the men were greatly affected. On the fourth evening, one man arose and said, "Comrades, at home I was a Christian man. When I entered the army I laid aside my religion; since then I have been very wicked and wandered far away. I am ashamed of myself. I arise to confess my wrong doing. From this time I shall endeavor to lead a different life."

The ice was now broken, and not a meeting was held from that evening but what one or more men expressed a desire to live a new life. There was a great change in the regiment; cards, whiskey and profanity suddenly disappeared, and in their stead

were testaments, prayers, meetings and hymns of praise. And the spiritual interest in the meetings increased. The tent was not large enough, and two others of equal size were erected so that the three could be included in one. All three were crowded. Many of the officers, including the colonel, frequently attended the meetings. Sometimes in a single evening there would be several conversions. Men flocked there from other commands. Chaplains from other regiments often attended the meetings. Will Newton conducted all the exercises, while Bill Logan and his select choir led in the singing. The congregation would not listen to any change being made in either department.

One night the interest and power was remarkable. Several hardened cases arose and asked an interest in the Christian's prayers, when to the joy of all, Dan Eliott, who had been a faithful attendant and supporter from the beginning of the meetings arose, and thus addressed his listeners: "Gentlemen, I always play a fair game and demand an honest deal on the part of my opponent. I don't believe in spotting the deck or hiding cards. I always anti when it is my turn and make no chin music. If I lose a pile it is all right providing I am playing

with a white man; if I am not, then the best man takes the pile. I have been a spectator of this show from the word go, and have watched the cards as they have been dealt out. I am satisfied that it has been an honest, straight game. I know what I ought to do and I don't propose to bluff the Almighty. The stakes are too great to allow much fooling. These gentlemen have nearly all become Christians and I am resolved to follow suit. I want you to pray for me,"—and here the hardened sinner sobbed like a child.

That was a great night in the regiment. The bugle did not sound for roll-call; the drummers forgot to beat the tattoo. It was midnight before the meeting closed, and at that time, Dan Eliott, the gambler, had found the pearl of great price.

The good work continued all through the winter and early spring. Its effects were visible everywhere. The hospital or charity fund was so frequently replenished that it did not become exhausted, although countless delicacies were purchased and carried to all the sick men in the regiment.

A few weeks before they were to break camp in the spring, a chaplain from an adjoining regiment

came over and preached to the men one beautiful Sabbath afternoon, and at the close of the sermon over fifty of the converts received the ordinance of baptism.

After these exercises were closed, Will Newton and Bill Logan were in their tent talking over the wonderful results seen in the moral transformation of the regiment. "What do you think of it, Bill?" queried Newton. "What I have seen," answered Bill, "has convinced me with tolerable certainty of two things: The first is, that when you asked my advice about the meetings, I was a perfect fool; and the other is, that you never get beat. Whatever you undertake, goes."

"Oh, not so," replied Will. "The only lesson I have learned from the whole matter is this; that the most insignificent instrument in the hands of God can accomplish great things. There is no more credit to be given me, Bill, than there is to you; for your singing did more to make the meetings a success than anything I could do."

"Well, perhaps so," said the other. "But credit for that singing is due you, for I never would have sang a hymn if you had not got to windward of me; and I never should have mounted that hard bread

box in the first meeting, if it had not been for you. So the credit is all yours." "I will tell you a better way," solemnly replied Newton. "We will give all the credit to God, to whom it belongs, and let us resolve in the future always to serve him as best we can. And the two comrades knelt together beside their rude bed and earnestly prayed that God would consecrate their lives fully to himself.

CHAPTER VI.

The month of March in 1862, was a very busy period in the camp of the army of the Potomac. A great campaign was soon to open, and the officers were very anxious to have the soldiers in the best fighting trim possible. Drills, inspections and reviews were the order of the day. There was a very strong competition among the regimental commanders to see whose regiment should appear in the best condition, and do the best service in the coming campaign.

One night, Will Newton received a summons to the colonel's tent, where he had a long conversation with that officer. "Sergeant," remarked the colonel, "there is no man in the regiment who has so much moral influence over the men as you have. That is conceded by all the officers, and now I have a favor to ask of you. Undoubtedly we shall soon go to fields of strife. I desire above all things else to have this regiment do the most effective work of any in this corps when we

are there. I am a young man to hold the position that I occupy, but I am resolved to lead these men to victory and honor, or to death. In your associations with the men, I want you to urge upon them individually, the importance of obedience, coolness, resolution and bravery on their part. Show them how little it is to sacrifice every thing, even life itself, if by making such sacrifices they can honor the flag and win a glorious name."

Will, of course, was willing to do any thing consistent with duty; and thus the two men, forgetting for a time the difference in their rank, discussed this subject of such vital importance to them both. The colonel in the course of the conversation told Will much of his early life. He was a member of a wealthy family. His father had secured his commission, and he was anxious for an opportunity to show that he was worthy of it. At the battle of Bull Run he had displayed great bravery, but he was longing for other fields where he could help regain the laurels lost in that terrible defeat. Newton was also informed that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and that at the close of the next summer's campaign the ceremony was to be performed.

As he was about to retire, Will remarked, "Colonel, you will pardon my seeming impertinence, but I am deeply interested in your welfare. Have you never felt in your heart that you ought to be a Christian?" For a moment the officer was silent, and then replied, "Sergeant, I will answer you candidly. I have thought of this matter very much since your meetings began; at times I have almost decided to take a stand with you, but obstacles of which you know nothing have been in the way; yet there has not been a night during the past two months but what I have bowed before God and asked him to lead me in the path of truth. I believe that my prayers have been heard, and that I have been gradually drawing nearer to God. I have never experienced that peace of which so many of you speak; perhaps I have been so great a sinner that such joy is not for me; but I am determined to let God lead me in the future."

"I am very thankful to know this, colonel," said the other. "And now as I am about to leave, are you willing to kneel with me in prayer?" Silently the two young men bowed down together. Earnestly, and with a full heart, Will Newton prayed for his companion, that God would lead him out into the

light; that an assurance should be given him that Jesus had accepted him. There came a groan and sob from the colonel's breast. For a moment, Will did not understand its import, but the other, with a shining face and tearful eyes exclaimed, "Oh! I have found him! He has come! Such peace,—It is Heaven. Glory be unto the name of Jesus for ever and ever;"—and from that hour he was a man of God.

Diligently did Sergeant Newton attend to the delicate duties assigned him by his colonel, and the result of his labor was soon visible among the men. There was much enthusiasm apparent in each company, and every man endeavored to put himself in the best possible condition for the coming conflict. They no longer regarded the war as an affair with which they were but indirectly connected, but that it was their own personal matter; and that honor, manhood, country, every thing, was at stake. They welcomed the drill and rigid discipline which soldiers so often detest, because they knew that it would make them more effective in the hour of battle. In the prayers offered in their tents, as well as those uttered in more public places, they asked the great Giver of all good to remember the

cause for which they were to fight, and inspire them with courage for the trying ordeal.

To the great delight of the patriotic and ambitious young colonel, it was officially announced from Division Headquarters that his regiment was the best drilled, and under the finest discipline of any in the entire Division. He called Sergeant Newton to his tent, and with his characteristic generosity said, "Much, very much of the credit is due to you."

"Not at all, sir," replied Newton.

"Tut, tut," said the colonel. "Do not deny it; those meetings you held were the means in God's hands of transforming the whole regiment. I never saw such a change take place among men in my life. I would not have believed that it was possible."

"Then we will give God all the thanks," remarked Newton.

"I understand that," replied the other. "But you were the agent by which He worked, and your faithfulness and zeal made it possible for Him to accomplish great things. I shall always remember you with feelings of great gratitude."

A few days before the regiment was to break camp, the intelligence came that they were to be honored by a visit from the Governor of their State, and great preparations were made for a fine display of their soldierly qualities before their chief magistrate. The fact of his coming was a great event to Will Newton. As he had never seen the Governor of his State, he possessed a great desire to look upon one for whom he had so great a regard.

Upon his arrival, the Governor was received with great demonstrations by the regiment, and on the following day there was drill, review and dress parade. The distinguished gentleman was highly pleased with the fine appearance of the men, and publicly complimented them for their soldierly bearing. Sergeant Newton was notified by an orderly that he must report at the colonel's tent, and supposing that there was duty to perform that had been overlooked, hastened thither; but to his great surprise he was invited to enter the tent and introduced to the Governor himself. The colonel in presenting him to the Governor, pleasantly remarked,—"Sergeant Newton has been our genius for good. I cannot say too much in his praise, or give him too much credit for the assistance he has rendered me

in bringing my regiment to that point of discipline which you have witnessed. The Governor, noticing the embarrassment of the young sergeant in being thus complimented, skillfully turned the conversation into another channel. He enquired about his early boyhood, his native town, and many other subjects of great interest to Will, who was completely captivated by the pleasing address of the Governor.

A delightful hour was thus passed and Will Newton arose to depart. The Governor also arose, and drawing a large official document from his breast pocket, handed it to the sergeant with this remark,—"I heard of you before I left home, sergeant. When you return to your quarters, open this envelope and you will find a small testimonial of my regard for you; and may God bless you and all the men in the great sacrifices you are making for your country."

"Delightful, noble old man," mused Will Newton; "so thoughtful to bring me this little testimonial. No matter what it may be, I shall preserve it as if of the greatest value."

He entered his tent and carelessly opened the great envelope. He looked. What! did he read

it correctly? No, he must be mistaken. A commission! Sergeant William Newton, promoted for bravery and good conduct, to a second lieutenant! He was about to reveal the tidings to Bill Logan, when the latter was informed that the captain wished him for a moment.

Within the envelope Will found also an autograph letter written by the colonel to the Governor, and signed by every commissioned officer in the regiment, asking for the promotion of Sergeant Newton. This was a greater surprise than the commission itself, and the two about upset the equilibrium of the young man.

Bill Logan now entered. "Bill, look at this!" exclaimed Will, holding the commission and letter towards him.

"I know all about it," replied Bill.

"How did you find it out?" eagerly questioned the astonished Will.

"The captain told me," said Bill.

Further conversation was prevented by a crowd of the boys rushing into the tent to congratulate Lieutenant Newton and Sergeant Logan upon their promotion.

"Sergeant Logan!" exclaimed the surprised Newton.

"Yes, sir; Sergeant Logan," interposed Dan Eliott. "I never sleep while a game is being played no matter how poor the hand I may hold; and when I caught a glimpse of the old Governor dealing out the cards to-day, and saw you were to hold the aces, I went it blind up to the captain and told him that Logan was the man for your place. The other boys antied up the same way in double-quick time, and the pile is for you and Logan."

It would be very difficult to decide which of the two men was the most surprised at these unexpected events. On the evening following the events just narrated, Will noticed that the men were gathering at an early hour in large numbers within the great tent where the meetings had been held, but being much absorbed in the work he was doing, paid but little attention to what was transpiring. He was soon notified that his presence was required in the great tent. As he entered it, he found it completely filled with men, and scores who were unable to get in, were standing outside. The walls of the tent had been rolled up, however, so that all could see what was about to transpire. Upon seats in front

of the audience sat nearly all the officers of the regiment. Dan Eliott was standing upon the platform to officiate as spokesman.

At the proper moment Dan began: "Lieutenant Newton, I am here to speak for the enlisted men of this regiment. We have watched you from the beginning. We believe you are an honest man and that you have played a square game. You have never stalked the cards, stolen an ace or trumped your partner's trick, but through thick and thin you have just played your cards for what they were worth, as an honest man should. You have always been willing to anti when it was your turn, and you have dealt just as good cards to the private soldiers as you have to the officers. We were all glad that you held the winning hand yesterday, and feeling that we wanted to present a small testimonial of our regard to a partner who always played according to Hoyle, we present you with this sword and belt. We believe in doing things first-class, and you will not find a more beautiful sword in the whole army than this," and he handed Will Newton a beautiful sword most elegantly mounted with gold and elaborately engraved.

Newton could not speak, and the colonel seeing his embarrassment, arose and said, "I endorse all that has been said by Mr. Eliott. As officers, we only regret that we were not permitted to assist in purchasing this beautiful and costly sword, but as it is time for the meeting to adjourn, I motion that we give three rousing cheers for Lieutenant Newton, the man, who, as the speaker to-night has well said, has played an honest hand in dealing with us all." And the three cheers were given with a will.

Lieutenant Newton found much to do the last few days the regiment was to remain in the old camp. He was obliged to change his quarters; and it was with deep regret that he broke up his housekeeping arrangements with Bill Logan. The latter was in despair. He did not know how in the world he should get along without Newton; especially so since they had made him Sergeant. "Why," remarked he, in an excited manner, "I am no more fit to be a Sergeant than a marine is fit to command a man-of-war." At this remark, Dan Eliott shook his head with a knowing wink, and said, "We boys played that card well!"

Each week Will received a letter from his old friend Temple. The latter had returned to college, and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude to his benefactor. There were many letters for Newton to write, and in the midst of so many friends and such prosperity, he did not forget his early benefactor, Jerry Lamb. A letter was written to him covering many pages giving a full account of all that had transpired within the last few days.

"Wife!" "Wife!" called that worthy but excited individual, as he finished reading the letter. "Come here, quick, and listen!" And the good wife hastened to hear the news.

"Just as I told you it would be, wife. I always insisted upon it; and now it has come to pass."

"What has come to pass, husband?" inquired the good wife.

"Oh! it is about our boy, Will Newton. I always said that he would be a general before the war closed, and now he is."

"A what! husband?"

"A General, of course; but just listen," and he read aloud the letter.

"Why that is a Lieutenant, and not a General, husband," said Mrs. Lamb, as her husband finished reading the letter.

"Well, so it is," said the other, a little disconcerted by the correction. "But so long as I don't know the difference between the two, it is all right; but he is a wonderful boy, and he will make his mark before he comes home, mind what I tell you now!"

In the meantime many other soldiers had gone forth to war from the village of Maplewood, but the people had not lost their interest in their first volunteer, and all were rejoiced to hear of his good fortune.

The army was under marching orders. The men almost worshiped their commander, General McClellan, and were only anxious for him to lead them forth to meet the enemy. That those desires were gratified, our succeeding chapters will show. In all that great army, there was not a finer looking officer than Lieutenant Will Newton, when with his regiment he marched from the old encampment to take a part in the aggressive movements of the coming campaign.

CHAPTER VII.

The army was about to be transferred from its base of operations at Washington, to Fortress Monroe, from whence it was to go up the Peninsular to Richmond. It was on the first day of March, 1862, that Will Newton's regiment embarked on board a steam transport at Alexandria, Virginia, and immediately sailed down the Potomac River.

Young Newton enjoyed the trip very much, and in the following extract selected from a long letter written to the two boys in the Lamb homestead at Maplewood, he gives a description of the trip and of some startling events which followed:

"Alexandria is an old city on the Virginia side of the Potomac river, some five or six miles below Washington. This city is also at the head of navigation for large ships, while the smaller vessels can go up the river as far as Washington. Our regiment halted for a few hours in the old city, and I looked around to see what points of interest I could find. Among them I saw the old stone house

in which General Braddock had his head-quarters before he went upon that fatal Indian campaign in which he lost his life. General Washington had his own head-quarters there many years afterwards. I also saw the old Episcopal church in which General Washington worshiped. General Lee, now of the Confederate army, also worshiped here when living at his old home on Arlington Heights. It is a quaint, somber looking old edifice. I also saw the place where Col. Ellsworth, the gallant soldier, was shot by the ruffianly proprietor of the Marshall House. The town is very quiet. Nearly all the persons whom I saw were either soldiers or negroes.

We embarked on the steamer and were soon sailing down the great river. The scenery on both sides was very fine. I wish that you could have enjoyed it. There were great plantations and upon them we saw many slaves at work; large mansions and the most magnificent shade trees that you ever saw. There was such an appearance of comfort about them that I almost wanted to go on shore and enjoy the luxury of such a retreat.

Fifteen miles below Washington, we passed Mount Vernon, which, as you know, is the burial

place of George Washington. The men were, of course, very anxious to see it. I was fortunate enough to get a favorable location from which I could gratify my curiosity. The old family mansion is very finely situated upon a beautiful height of land at some distance from the river, but in full view of it. Great oak trees threw their brawny, moss-covered arms above the venerated home, as if to protect it from the storms of the centuries. The grass covered lawn looked beautiful in the early sunshine of spring, and I could hardly make myself believe that the old house had stood there for more than one hundred years. Some three hundred yards south of the mansion I could distinctly see the old vault of the Washington family, where the remains of the 'father of his country' were buried until the year 1830. Then they were removed by the United States Government to a new tomb near at hand built to receive them.

As I gazed upon the scene, my friends, I derived a new inspiration from it. I wish that you could both visit the place and see for yourselves; but as long as you cannot at present do that, you can imitate the virtues of that great man, and endeavor

to be as worthy of the respect of your fellow men as was he.

As we passed down the river the negroes were all very much interested in us, and flocked to the river's bank on both sides, standing with open eyes and mouths, to see 'Massa Linkum's sojers.' Poor slaves! they look degraded and ignorant. What a great wrong the American people have committed against them.

Our steamer landed us near Fortress Monroe. I think it must be the largest fort in America, if not in the world. It encloses as much as fifteen acres. It is impossible for me to attempt to describe it to you. It was named in honor of ex-President Monroe. There are some guns on its walls so large that I could quite easily creep into the muzzles of them. I should not want to try that however, unless they would promise not to fire the gun while I was in there. We are encamped near the fort, and can go down to the beach and see the vessels in the bay. There are very many of them; large ships, little ships, schooners, sloops, brigs, gun-boats, transports, and many other kinds. They all have their flags flying and look very fine. Only a few days ago this navy was as much affrighted as

was our army at the battle of Bull Run. Of course you have read about it in your papers; but I will tell you how it looked, for I saw it all. I assure you it was a very important event in the history of this country.

There had been many rumors about here that the Confederates were building a great gun-boat up the river, that would soon come down and sink all our ships; then capture Washington, and other northern cities. The stories about this wonderful craft not only increased in number, but also in size.

By these reports, that craft was several hundred feet long; her guns so large that a solid shot would weigh half a ton or more; that it would draw but a few inches of water, and could almost sail on dry land, and it was so very fast, that no ordinary vessel could escape from it. Thus men talked and wondered what the Confederate gun-boat actually was. We were all on the tip-toe of anxiety.

Our curiosity was soon gratified. For on the eighth of this month, the long talked of visitor put in an appearance. There were a great many vessels in the bay to give her a warm and cordial reception. There were several of our great ships of war among the number. The "Roanoke,"

"Minnesota," "Congress" and "Cumberland," with numerous other small war vessels; also merchant-ships and steamers. From the mouth of the Elizabeth river the Confederate gun-boat came. As she hove in sight, an alarm was given, and we all rushed out where we could see it. Two small Confederate gun-boats also came out at the same time from the James river; but the great monitor known as the "Merrimac" absorbed all the attention. It was a most singular looking object, and when it first came in view I could only think of a large house floating in the water with only its roof exposed to view. There were hundreds and thousands of spectators on the land watching the results with much anxiety. Among the most interested of them was my old friend, Bill Logan, who stood by my side.

The Merrimac emerged from the river and directed its course directly towards the Cumberland and Congress off Newport News. 'What kind of a craft do you call that, I should like to know?' said Logan. 'I have been in all ports and seen all kinds of sailing and steam gear, but I never saw such a looking craft afloat as that. It looks like the roof of a huge house taken from some mansion up river

and floated down here to scare our people. I wish that one of our frigates out there would send a shot into it to see what it is made of.'

As if in response to his expressed desire, at that moment a cloud of smoke rose above the port-hole of the Cumberland, and a hundred pound solid shot went screaming over the water and struck squarely against the iron Merrimac; but it bounded off as if it had been but a ball thrown from a child's hand. The Congress now opened on the Merrimac with its fifty guns, and the Cumberland with its twenty-four. The rapid discharge of these guns filled the air with almost deafening reports. A great cloud of smoke was suspended over the scene. Great shells and shot were striking the Merrimac like hail-stones in a shower, but glancing off from its mailed side they were quite as harmless in their effect. Without deigning to open her port-holes she steamed on toward the Cumberland, and soon her iron beak went crashing through the side of that magnificent vessel. A flood of water poured into the disabled ship, and at the same moment, the Merrimac poured a terrible broadside into her crippled antagonist. Manfully the dying Cumberland fought with her terrible foe; and not until she was sinking did the

survivors abandon the ship by jumping overboard to save their lives. One hundred and fifty of the sick and wounded went down with the noble ship.

We had watched this struggle with almost breathless interest. And as the Cumberland went down, Bill muttered, 'I am blowed if this don't beat all that I ever saw!'

After the Cumberland went down the Merrimac turned upon the Congress and speedily destroyed her; the Minnesota and several other vessels were injured more or less, and the Confederate gun-boat as if satisfied with its day's labor, returned up the river to its former place of anchorage.

That night, as I sat with Bill Logan and Dan Eliott by the beach overlooking the scene of the day's conflict, I was completely discouraged and said it was of no use to deny the situation. We have no ship strong enough to meet that terrible monster and it will destroy every thing.

'Oh, don't give up so easy,' said Bill Logan. 'I have seen things look desperate before this. I was shipwrecked once, and for six days sailed on a hen-coop in the Atlantic ocean with a piece of oar for a mast and my shirt for a sail. All the provisions I had was a few hard-tack in my pocket

and a small cask of water, and I came out all right. I tell you the Lord is watching all these things and will bring them around strangely sometimes.'

'That is so, gentlemen,' chimed in Dan Eliott. 'It is wonderful how a kind Providence often opens the way for a man's escape and relief when he least expects it. Why, I remember in '51, I had been out from 'Frisco for several weeks among my mines up in the foot-hills. I had been having awful hard luck. No gold in the mines. The claims would not sell for any thing and I went back to 'Frisco dead broke. That is a pretty hard position for a man who is thousands of miles from home and among strangers; but a kind Providence seemed to guide me. I went into a little dirty saloon without dust enough to pay for a supper, and there I found a lot of greasers who had been up in the mines and struck it *rich*. They of course wanted to play, and although I was tired and hungry, I concluded to accommodate them. Now, gentlemen, you know that I always play an honest game. For once, I had a big run, and when daylight dawned I had piled up dust to the amount of a cool ten thousand. I have never lost faith in Providence since then.'

'But,' I questioned, 'do you really believe, Dan, that Providence aided you in winning all that money from the poor greasers? Was it not by your own superior skill that you secured it?'

'Well,' replied the other, 'I never stop to split hairs; of course I played the cards for all they were worth, and I have always noticed that God helps those who help themselves.'

'But,' persisted I, 'do you think it was right to win all their money?'

"Well,' some one had to get it from them,' replied Dan, 'and perhaps the Lord was well pleased to have it fall into the hands of a white man who would make a good use of it. But all these things are past. I never shall play cards again. I was not advocating the playing of cards, but only showing the kindness of Providence;' and thus the matter ended.

Early on Sunday morning every one in and around Fortress Monroe was astir, all anxious to see what would on that day transpire. A new feature had appeared during the night, for in the morning there was a strange vessel in Hampton roads; a most singular and insignificant looking craft. 'What do you suppose it is?' I asked Bill Logan, the next

morning, as we stood and looked at it through the mists.

'Don't know,' replied the other. 'Looks much like the hen-coop of which I spoke last night, or as if some old lady had sent a wash-tub, or a cheese box adrift out in the harbor; but I wouldn't be surprised if it was some sort of a gun-boat that our folks have constructed to attack that rebel Merrimac.'

'I can hardly believe,' I remarked, 'that the Government would send so small a craft to meet that great monster.'

'You can't always tell by the size,' replied Bill. 'Sometimes little things are mighty powerful, and we shall see before night what that little fellow is made of.'

Before noon the thousands of spectators saw the huge Confederate steamer once more approaching, and to the delight of all, the little black Monitor pushed out to meet her. 'She's got grit enough, any way,' muttered Bill Logan, as he saw the Monitor steam for its antagonist. The battle opened. We all expected each moment to see the Monitor go down before her mighty foe; but in this we were happily disappointed, for the little gun-boat not only managed to keep afloat but made a pretty good fight.

'If I was in the habit of betting,' said Dan Eliott, 'I would go five to one on the little Monitor; for she is a trump and an ace at that.'

The hours passed and these two gigantic warriors were engaged in a most deadly conflict. Great globes of iron were hurled with terrific force against each other but fell harmless from their iron sides. As the battle progressed the Monitor became more bold and aggressive. Round and round its great antagonist it steamed, planting its blows with wonderful rapidity and skill. The Merrimac was evidently becoming weary of the conflict, and turning its head sadly away steamed slowly back up the river.

'She is whipped or I am a sinner!' yelled Bill Logan. And all the men went wild with joy as they beheld the result of the conflict.

'I always believe in Providence,' remarked Dan Eliott, as the Confederate monster disappeared from view.

The few days passed around Fortress Monroe have been very eventful ones to me."

Will Newton was a most careful observer of men and events and not a day passed without adding something to his store of knowledge. He was much

interested in the colored people and frequently attended their religious meetings. He was also anxious to meet some of the Southern planters, to learn by conversation with them, what their opinions were concerning the war; to ascertain upon what they based their right to wage war against the general government. To gain this desired information, he often took long rides into the country, and as he was an excellent horseman, he derived much pleasure from these trips. He often called at the plantations which he passed, and was always received with that genial hospitality for which the Southern people are distinguished. Frequently he would discuss the situation with the old planters, and thus discovered that the old doctrine of State Rights was at the foundation of all their secession heresies.

He had called at a plantation one day, some ten miles from the picket line, and as he had frequently been there before, he received a very kind salutation from the family. They invited him to remain and take dinner with them; and as he was about to consent, a colored man who was just passing the open door of the room, gave him a very significant look. His suspicions were somewhat aroused, and he politely declined their invitation. His horse was

hitched at the gate, and as he went from the veranda to the horse he passed the colored man, who said in a low tone, "De Confeds. are on de road above and below de house; take de wood road to de left as you pass into de woods yonder, and ride like de debil."

That was warning enough. Will sprang easily into the saddle, and waving an adieu to the family who were still standing upon the veranda, he trotted slowly away in the direction of his regiment. As he entered the wood, he saw the rough wood road referred to by the darkey; for a moment only he hesitated; then pressing the spurs to the flanks of his noble horse, he dashed down the rough and abandoned road. For a mile or more, no sounds were heard save the clatter of his own horse's feet, and he was beginning to think that for some cause he had been misinformed, when a loud and peculiar call was heard at a distance in the wood on his left; a moment later, a similar one was heard at his right. Ah! muttered Will to himself, that means business. Now for a race, and his steed dashed ahead as if aware of his master's danger. As he rode on, Newton bitterly upraided himself for his foolishness in being so far from camp without even permission.

from his commanding officer. It is bad enough he thought, to be killed or captured on the field of battle; but to be caught in a scrape like this! and he urged his steed to increase his speed. Soon, to his great discomfiture, he saw three horsemen in the road before him, not over half a mile away.

They were coming towards him at a round trot. He knew at a glance that they were Confederate cavalry. His first thought was to fly in the opposite direction; but a glance over his shoulder showed him a large party of horsemen coming up in the rear. There was a dense forest on either side, and without doubt there were foes concealed there to cut off all hope of escape in that direction even if he should undertake it. Whatever was done must be done quickly; for the horsemen in front were almost within hailing distance. His mind was immediately made up. He could see but one chance of escape. He knew the horse which he rode, and what he could depend on him to do. Newton drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and held it for a flag of truce above his head. The horsemen were coming up three abreast; they were savage looking fellows and well armed; one of them waived his hand as if in response to the white flag,

and thus each party advanced until not half a dozen paces intervened between them. Will was the first to speak, and asked, "Gentlemen, what do you want?"

"A Yankee of about your size," was the reply.

"All right, then," said Newton, "here I am."

He was then within ten feet of the Confederates. Now or never, he thought. Bracing himself in the saddle, he drove the spurs into the flanks of his horse and yelled with all his might. With a tremendous bound the frightened animal sprang forward. The Confederates and horses were alike unprepared for such a movement. There was a terrible collision. Will clung to his horse which went bounding at a break-neck pace down the road. Two of the Confederates went prostrate, horses and all in a heap together. Will heard loud shouts, and looking back saw a party of horsemen coming at full speed. Now for a race, thought Will. He had but little fear of their being able to overtake him. His only fear was that he might meet more of them before he reached camp. His pursuers soon saw that it would be a difficult task to catch him, and began to fire their carbines at him. The bullets

went above him, on either side, but horse and rider escaped them all.

After an hour's ride the country became more open, and at last with great joy he saw the Union picket line and knew that he was safe. In a short time he rode into camp. He was so chagrined at the danger he had encountered that he never spoke of it in camp, but he wrote a full description of it to his friend Temple, at Harvard, and also to the Lamb's, at Maplewood. Will Newton wisely concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and from that day he made no more excursions beyond the Union picket line.

CHAPTER VIII.

It will be impossible for me to describe all that Will Newton passed through while on the Peninsular campaign. His regiment was one of the first to engage in the seige of Yorktown; and while the tardy movements of General McCellan were irksome to the adventurous spirit of the young volunteer, he found much to interest him as the seige advanced. The wonderful results of civil engineering. The great redoubts. Line after line springing as if by magic from the ground; huge guns in position, with smaller lines of defense.

The men were very anxious for the day to arrive when they should open all this enginery of war upon the enemy; but in this they were doomed to disappointment; for just as the preparations for the bombardment were completed, it was discovered that the place had been evacuated by the Confederates.

Lieutenant Newton's regiment was one of the first to lead in the advance on Williamsburg, and it

played an important part in that bloody battle. To it was assigned the task of seizing a strong Confederate out-post manned by two full Confederate regiments. They were to charge in light marching order. Their knapsacks and baggage were piled upon the ground, and at the given signal they dashed across a field to seize the coveted position half a mile away. Gallantly they went forward in the midst of a murderous fire. Their line never wavered for a moment. when thinned, as it sadly was, by the shots and shells of the enemy, it closed up as if on parade, and dashed onward. The brave colonel led the assault. and seeing in it his long looked for opportunity, resolved to be the first man to mount the Confederate breastworks. Will Newton had determined to do the same thing, and onward the men dashed. Newton was watching the colonel so very closely, and straining every nerve to keep pace with him, that he did not see the progress made by a few other men. and when to his great joy, as he sprang upon the breast works, at the same instant he saw both Logan and Eliott among the Confederates, capturing prisoners by the dozen.

It was a glorious victory, and the regiment had won great distinction by its brilliant conduct. They

Battle of Williamsburg.

had lost several men who were killed, and many others were wounded. The former were buried carefully, and the wounded were tenderly carried to the ambulances, and sent to the hospitals.

From Williamsburg they went to White House Landing, and soon after that, participated in the battle of Fair Oaks. Here Newton's regiment occupied a very dangerous position and did most effective service. They held their post nearly all day against the superior Confederate forces which were hurled upon them. Man after man went down. The captain and first lieutenant of Newton's company were wounded and carried from the field, and the command of the company devolved upon Lieutenant Newton.

Late in the afternoon, the Confederates being re-inforced, made an overwhelming charge, and the noble little band of survivors were swept back in defeat. Bullets came like a pitiless leaden rain upon them, and the conquering Confederates with wild yells followed in pursuit. Not far however, did the Unionists retreat before they rallied, reformed their line, and once more presented an unbroken front to the enemy.

Among the missing was Sergeant Logan. "Who saw him last, and where was he then?" anxiously demanded Newton.

"I saw him in that clump of bushes, not ten minutes ago," said one pointing to some undergrowth not over sixty yards in their front "He was unharmed, but nearly surrounded by rebels."

"Let us go in search of him," shouted Newton; and without waiting to see who followed him, or to think of the great danger he would incur by so doing, he dashed for the clump of small trees which had been pointed out to him. The Confederate skirmishers soon saw him and bullets went humming like bees around him.

"Lieutenant, we are alone, but we will do the best we can."

Newton looked, and for the first time saw that Dan Eliott was the only man in the company who had the hardihood to follow him in his perilous undertaking.

There was the sound of a desperate struggle in the bushes; and heedless of all else, the two men rushed in. They found the object of their search unharmed, save a score of slight wounds; but he was most sorely pressed. He was surrounded by

three or four Confederate soldiers, who were endeavoring to capture him. In the struggle, they had all thrown down their guns, and were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict. Bill Logan was now in his native element. The gallant Southerners found that they had caught "a tartar." The roar of guns were almost deafening; the bullets were cutting the branches of the trees around them; but these men intent only upon the business at hand, struck and fought on.

When Newton and Eliott arrived, they had managed to evade the tremendous blows which were falling from Logan's fists, and had clenched him. Logan did not see the friends who were coming to his relief, but supposed the advancing men were Confederates; but he was not dismayed. "Come on with your grappling irons," he yelled. "Come on with your whole rebel fleet, you will find that you have struck the hardest craft that sails these waters." These words were not mere boasting. With one hand he caught a man by the throat; it was a grip of death. The victim's eyes rolled in their sockets, and he fell lifeless.

At that moment, Newton and Eliott reached the combatants. The surviving Confederates were taken

prisoners and hurried within the Union lines. Logan was literally covered with slight wounds, and Newton urged him to go to the rear and have them dressed.

"Not a bit of it," said the brave fellow. "I don't propose to go below in a storm. I want another chance at those fellows before the sun goes down to-night."

That night Will Newton asked Logan how he came to be so far in the rear when the regiment fell back.

"It was like this," responded Logan. "I thought we would be able to hold them back; and I did not slip my cables when the rest did, and in a moment about every sail had disappeared. I then decided to work my way back slowly and pick off a few of the foremost as I went. The trouble was, however, that I did not go fast enough. I worked my way back to the bushes, and thought it best to make a stand there, and see what the situation was. Every thing went well for a time; the winds were fair, and looking out through the bushes I had a good view of the rebels and could take a fair aim at them. I heard some men in the bushes behind me, and supposing that they were our fellows, turned around

to speak to them ; but I found that they were rebels. There were some six or seven of them. I saw that my only hope was in putting my best foot foremost ; so I called upon them to surrender, and ran towards them as if I had power to surround the whole squad. One of them in a most ungrateful manner put his gun to his shoulder and blazed away right in my face and the bullet just grazed my ear. It was an inexcusable blunder for him to miss me when I was so near. Of course I had to return the compliment ; and when I fired he concluded to go below for repairs. The other fellows called on me to surrender. I guess they thought that I did not know what that meant, for I kept on fighting. That made them mad, and they dropped their guns and sprang upon me. They threw out their grappling irons, and I met them as best I could. I used to be quite a man in a tussel of that kind, so I was not much alarmed. When I heard you and Dan Eliott coming I thought you were Confederates, and of course I began to think that all hope was gone ; but your arrival saved me sure."

The battle of Fair Oaks was ended. A large portion of the Federal dead and seriously wounded had been left on the battle field and fell into the

hands of the Confederates; the dead to receive a hasty burial, the wounded to be treated as prisoners of war. Thus closed the battle of Fair Oaks. Upon that field the Union soldiers could look upon the spires of Richmond. That vision did not gladden their hearts again for long weary months; and not until thousands of brave men had fallen upon scores of battle fields.

The Union army sustained heavy losses during the progress of the campaign. The losses on battle fields had not kept pace with those caused by sickness. The climate on the peninsula was very unhealthy, and the deadly malaria of that region told with fearful effect upon the Union troops who had not become acclimated in the least degree. The regiment of Will Newton had already lost over one-half of the men it had mustered for duty when it had landed at Fortress Monroe. The colonel had not been injured; but a large proportion of his officers were killed or disabled with wounds. The regiment had fought as bravely as even its ambitious commander could desire, and won for itself so much honor that ts fame extended through the whole army. It participated in the famous seven days battles of Gen. McClellan's retreat to Harrison's Landing on the

BUILDING BREASTWORKS NEAR RICHMOND.

James river; and it was with a grateful heart that the young volunteer at the head of his little company of men saw that the fearful retreat was at an end. There had been no rest or sleep all those days, but a series of marches and battles by which McClellan made one of the most remarkable movements of the war. The men were ragged, foot-sore and completely exhausted; and the first twelve hours after reaching Harrison's Landing were spent lying upon the ground in a sweet delicious sleep.

They remained at that point for several days, and while there Newton found time to call upon many of his friends in the regiment; but that task was a very sad one because so many of the men with whom he had formerly associated were now missing. It was also arranged to have a prayer-meeting while they were there. In the open air, one sweet, summer evening, it was held. A large company was present including the colonel and other officers. Hymns were sung, prayers offered and words of Christian experience were spoken. As the service was about to close, at the request of the colonel, the whole company present bowed in prayer, asking for God's blessing to rest upon them as they went forth to other fields of conflict.

Lieutenant Newton stood very high in the estimation of his brother officers at the close of the disastrous peninsular campaign. For as a boy only seventeen years of age, he led his company through all those fierce battles with the courage and coolness of a veteran. His modesty was equal to his bravery, and by his kindness to all, he disarmed any hostile criticism that might otherwise have been made. But he was very much disappointed and humiliated over the barren results of the campaign which had been inaugurated but a few weeks before upon so large a scale. Like the majority of soldiers in the army, he believed that it was possible for Gen. McClellan to have moved forward and captured Richmond; and that in doing so his losses would have been no greater than they were in making his retreat, while the fact was also apparent to all, that his retreat from the vicinity of the Confederate Capital would prolong the war and indefinitely postpone its capture. Newton's regiment however soon embarked on board a transport, and while en route from Harrison's Landing at Alexandria, he wrote a lengthy letter to his old friend Jerry Lamb. In closing it he used language something like this :—

"I cannot understand the movements we have been making. I have had full faith in General McClellan, but how can I account for his retreat? We were so near Richmond at Fair Oaks, that we could see the spires of the churches. The men all believe that we could have entered the town. I feel so badly that sometimes I almost wish that I was sleeping with our brave boys at Fair Oaks. Their death was honorable and even desirable when compared with this disgraceful abandonment of the campaign; a disgrace in which we are all obliged to participate. Of course we shall soon meet the victorious Confederates again. I understand that General Pope is preparing to receive them out beyond our old battle field of Bull Run. I hope that I am not a braggart or a fanatic, but I do feel in my heart that on the next field of battle it will be either victory for the Union army or death for myself. At any rate, I hope never to disgrace you or my friends in Maplewood."

If young Newton truthfully stated his desires in that letter to his friend, he was doomed to a bitter disappointment, for his regiment arrived at the front only in time to engage in the two bloody battles of

Chantilly and the second Bull Run, from both of which fields the Union army commanded by General Pope, was driven in the most disastrous defeat.

By a singular coincidence after the battle of the second Bull Run, Will Newton's regiment was encamped for several days very near the old quarters which they had occupied the previous winter, and from that place we find him once more writing to his friend Lamb in Maplewood, as follows :

"We are on Arlington Heights once more, to remain, I suppose, but for a few days. We are within a stone's throw of our last winter's encampment. We have passed through many dangers since then. Great changes have taken place ; over one-half of the men who then formed our regiment have left us, a large number being either killed outright or have died from the wounds which they have received. Quite a portion of them were converted in our meetings last winter. I am so grateful that they made their peace with God and were thus prepared for death. It is my prayer each day that I may also be ready when I am called. Every thing here is in a most demoralized condition. It has been nothing but defeat all the season thus far. It is not for me

Scenes near the Battle Field of Fair Oaks.

to say where the blame rests. It is rumored that the Confederate army, under General Lee, is crossing the Potomac river near Harper's Ferry, to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. Our men are all in good spirits. If our commanding generals were as efficient as our men, all would be well. My health still continues good. My old friend, Bill Logan, of whom I have so often written, is also well; but he came very near death or capture at the battle of Fair Oaks. Dan Eliott, the converted gambler, whom I have already mentioned, is the bravest man I ever saw. There is something mysterious about him that I cannot understand. He is the best soldier in our company. I will write you from the next battle field if I am alive and able to do so. As I have written you before, I shall endeavor to do my duty whether the result be victory or defeat, life or death. We are under marching orders, and will soon meet our enemies again."

While the army was being re-organized, Lieut. Newton's time was completely occupied in writing letters, looking after the interests of his men and drilling the large number of recruits sent forward to fill the thinned ranks of his company. The arrival

of these recruits and the many amusing incidents arising from their lack of experience in army matters, afforded much diversion and amusement for the old soldiers. One of these recruits, with a most doleful look upon his face, walking along the street in Newton's company the morning after his arrival, with several mouldy hard biscuits in his hands, was accosted by a waggish veteran who met him,—"Why on earth don't you go and get some soft-tack?"

"Where can it be had?" asked the other, as the shadow fled from his countenance.

"Go up to that large tent and tell the colonel that you have come for your soft-tack, and it will be all right," replied the wag.

Up the unsuspecting fellow walked, knocked boldly at the colonel's tent, and when that officer appeared at the door to ascertain the cause of his coming, the recruit with the greatest amount of confidence informed him that "he had come up to get his rations of soft-tack." Of course the colonel understood the joke, and with a hearty laugh sent the victim back to his company with his wants unsupplied.

Another one of this class was standing at his tent door soon after his arrival looking ruefully upon his soiled collar which had been white a few days before. He saw that the usefulness of the article in his hands was forever destroyed, and he was wondering where another supply could be obtained; for he did not then understand that white collars had been fearfully discounted in the army. The fellow's situation was soon observed by several of the boys, and one of them whose sun-burnt neck had not been enclosed by a collar for more than a year, asked the recruit where he expected to get his collars.

"I don't know," was the despondent reply; "How do you fellows get along?"

"Oh, said the veteran, when we get out we usually make out a requisition and send it in for them." All the necessary information was soon obtained. and the grateful, but verdant soldier proceeded to make out a list of the number of boxes of collars needed: the size and style being given with great precision.

"Now what shall I do with it?" he queried.

"Oh, go up and give it to the quartermaster," said the other. "He is a savage old fellow and will scold

and bluster; but he draws his pay for his work and you hang to him."

Up to the quartermaster the fellow walked almost feeling the inspiration of the new clean collars around his neck. The quartermaster with a large force of clerks were busily engaged upon their accounts, for there had been necessarily much confusion in this department during the previous campaign. It being a business call, the recruit did not stop to knock, but entered the tent and walked up to the officer, holding out his paper and saying: "There is a requisition which you will please attend to immediately." The quartermaster was so deeply absorbed in the bills for rations, clothing, muskets and epuipments, that for a moment he did not notice the intruder; and the latter with some vigor repeated his statement. The officer looked at him sharply a moment, and then surmising that the man was the victim of some joke, and not being in a sportive frame of mind himself, savagely remarked, "You get out of this tent!" But the recruit stood his ground. His comrades in the company had warned him what to expect, and he was determined to have his rights. To the utter amazement of the angry officer he replied, "Now look here, old fellow;

don't put on airs to me, the government pays you a good salary, and you have got to attend to your business, or I will know the reason why!" He was interrupted by the quartermaster, who, livid with passion, sprang to his feet, and with a volley of indignation seized the recruit by the shoulder and hurled him from the tent. The crest-fallen man then comprehended for the first time that he had been sold; but derived some satisfaction as he went back to his comrades to have them gather around him and exclaim, "The quartermaster is an awful man when he is aroused." And thus the men who but a few days before fought like veterans in battle, were sporting like boys while in camp.

CHAPTER IX.

The army of the Potomac was once more on the march in search of its old enemy. The Confederate army had crossed the Potomac river, invading the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania, seizing large quantities of grain and much stock which they were transferring across the river to Virginia.

The Union army once more under the command of General McClellan, was marching through Maryland in the direction of Frederick city to intercept the Confederates. It was early in the month of September, and the beautiful State of Maryland was then seen at its best. Its fertile fields were covered with magnificent crops which were just being harvested; the great orchards were burdened with fruit; cattle were grazing peacefully upon its hill-sides until they were alarmed by the sounds of war.

Frederick city was reached by the advance of the Federal army, but the Confederates had evacuated the place, and were reported as being some twenty

miles away to the westward, where they were waiting for their foe to attack them, in the passes of the South Mountain. The citizens of Frederick all gave thrilling accounts of the destitution and demoralization apparent in the army of General Lee. His soldiers were ragged, barefooted, and almost starving. The Federals had high hopes that the coming battle would be the decisive one of the war. They pressed on and soon came in collision with the Confederates in Turner's Gap and in South Mountain pass. The conflict was short, sharp and desperate. The Confederates were driven back, and the Federals crossed to the west side of the mountain. Had General McClellan pressed the pursuit with vigor, the Confederate army could then have been crushed in detail before it had time to concentrate its widely scattered divisions; but with that element of fatal delay always seen in his campaigns, much time of great value was lost; time that was well improved by the skillful Confederate commanders.

On the night of September 16, the two great armies were encamped on the banks of the Antietam—that narrow stream between them. Early on the morning of the 17th, the battle began. Will's

regiment was on the extreme right of the Union line, under the immediate command of General Hooker. They being in the front line, became engaged with the enemy at an early hour. Their antagonists were a portion of Hood's Texan brigade and among the most gallant troops in the Confederate service. Newton's regiment was ordered to drive the rebels from a narrow strip of wood in their front and across a corn field beyond. After a sharp struggle, the Confederates were driven across the field, the Unionists pursuing them savagely. The brave Texans halted in the woods beyond, and poured such a deadly fire upon the Federals that their advance was checked. They stood in the edge of the corn field and poured their fire upon the Confederates in the woods. Suddenly, and with terrific vengeance, the Confederates charged upon them. The struggle was short and deadly but the Confederates were repulsed. They were soon re-inforced, and again threw themselves upon the Federals. The latter held their ground firmly, their little line seeming to be but a flame of fire. The conflict lasted until both lines were completely shattered. The Confederates, receiving more re-inforcements, pushed their foes backward. For a time the Federals

went slowly; but finally as if by common consent, broke and ran for the shelter of the wood behind them.

The colonel, who already had several horses shot under him, was still riding among his men, the very incarnation of heroism, and as if he bore a charmed life. Encouraging them to stand firm, he dashed down to the left of his regiment hoping to hasten up some re-inforcements; and it was during his temporary absence that his men fell back to the wood. Not knowing that, dashing back through the smoke to find his regiment, he suddenly found himself among the most advanced of the Confederates. They called upon him to surrender, but he endeavored to escape. He had managed to ride out from among them, and was approaching the wood, when a full volley was fired at him, and the horse and his rider both went down together. Will Newton saw the peril of his beloved commander, and shouting; "Boys, we must rescue our colonel!" He dashed towards the fallen man who was fully two hundred yards distant. Instantly the men followed him with a cheer, and ran across the field that was red with blood and swept by the enemy's fire. Will Newton was a swift runner, and on this

occasion his anxiety almost gave him wings. When he reached the fallen officer all his men were far in the rear save one; that man was brave Dan Eliott. A score of Confederates confronted them and hundreds more were hastening up. There was no time to lose; both men sprang in front of their disabled leader to protect his person with their lives.

At that moment Newton received a blow over his head from the stock of a Confederate rifle and fell senseless upon the form of the colonel. Dan Eliott stood alone with clubbed musket to beat them back, but a rifle ball shattered his left hand and arm, and his musket fell at his feet. The rebels cheered and rushed upon him. Eliott glared around him like a maniac. Upon the ground he saw a huge, heavy cavalry saber; he caught it up in his right hand and fought like a demon; bare headed, his left arm shattered to atoms, he stood above the forms of those whom he was determined to defend. His eyes gleamed with intense passion, all the fires of desperation kindled by association with miners and Indians seemed to burst forth in a livid flame. The saber swept through the air, making a circle around him, and wherever it came down there was death. The brave Texans shrank back beyond the

Explosion of a Shell at Antietam.

point of that dreaded weapon and began to fire upon the hero who stood before them. A shot entered his leg, another went tearing through his cheek; a cruel ball went crashing through his breast, and as he fell backward he saw that his comrades had arrived and that his charge was safe.

The battle was soon over upon the Federal right, and a little group of men could have been seen just in rear of the line of battle; the wounded man lying upon the ground was Dan Eliott; the others were Will Newton, Bill Logan and one or two comrades. Newton had been bathing the temples of the wounded man with water; he opened his eyes; a smile of joy came to his lips as he saw Newton, and he hoarsely whispered, "How are you?"

"All right," said Will. "I was only stunned by the blow I received."

"And the colonel?"

"Is badly used up," replied Will. "A shot in the shoulder and a broken leg at least."

"Newton, raise my head higher if you can," feebly said Dan Eliott. "I want to say a few things to you if I have strength."

The head of the wounded man was gently raised and a knapsack placed beneath it. Once more the purple lips of Eliott were moistened with water, and after a moment's silence he began: "It is of no use to waste words; I am a dying man. I knew when I faced them fellows alone that they held the winning hand; but I was determined to make them earn their money. They have succeeded in doing what a great many other men have failed to do; but they had to pay for all the honor they won. Now there are some things I would like to tell you if you will consent to listen to me; I have carried them in my own breast for many years; I shall die easier if I can talk them over with some one."

"My dear friend," said Newton, "proceed; I will gladly listen, for I owe my life and liberty to you."

"It is a long story and I fear that you will get tired; but I am so weak that I can not talk very fast. I was born in the state of New York in 1816, so that I am now forty-six years old. I lived in New York until I was twenty-four years of age. For two years I had been engaged to be married to a girl whose father lived in my neighborhood. She sickened and died; my hope, light, love and life were all buried in her grave. I thought that I should

become insane if I remained there, and immediately left home for Ohio, then considered a frontier State. My family and friends knew nothing of where I went. I was with trappers and Indians until the gold fever broke out in 1849. During those years I had tried to drown my great sorrow, but all in vain. I drank, gambled, plunged into the wildest of excesses, sought out the greatest dangers, but it was of no use; the fire in my heart continued to burn until it seemed as if the very core of my life would be eaten out. In 1849, in company with a party of hunters and Indians, I went across the plains to California. I remained there eleven years and made thousands of dollars, but the gold brought me no satisfaction. I gave away money like water but always made more. In 1860 I went with a party of chums down through Mexico, and gold poured in upon me there. Early in 1861 I was possessed with a desire to return to my old home. I did so; but my relatives were all dead and no one cared for me. I asked for Bob Eliott. A few remembered him and said that he had disappeared many years before; no one knew or cared where he was. I found Mary's grave. Her family had all removed to another portion of the country. I sat

beside that grave for hours; my brain was on fire, I dared not remain longer. I went to the parish minister and gave him a bag of golden coins and told him to build a monument over her grave. I rushed on to Boston, enlisted and soon afterwards met you. Through your influence I became a Christian man and thus found the only peace and rest that I have known since I bade Mary 'good bye.'"

Newton was listening with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Now, Newton, if you will help me turn over a little there is a pocket-book in my inside pocket that I want."

Will Newton assisted his dying friend and soon produced an old leathern pocket-book that had seen many years of service. The cold fingers of Dan Eliott, as we shall continue to call him, slowly opened the book. He took therefrom a folded paper handed it to his listener and said, "In San Francisco I have ten thousand dollars. In that paper are the certificates of my deposits; also a paper legally prepared by me when in Washington, whereby I have transferred it to the parties whom I shall now name:—Bill Logan is my tent mate; if he lives to

obtain his discharge I want him to have one-half of it; if he dies while in the army, his half goes to you. The remaining half I have already assigned to you by these papers, and in case of your death, it goes to those persons whom you may name."

The astonished Newton was about to express his gratitude, but the dying man forbade it. "I have more to say and but a few moments to live. I am not worthy to be buried beside Mary, and when I am dead bury me in some cemetery near by. Put me in some lowly corner; do not mark the grave, only give me a decent burial."

Another little package was taken from the pocket book, a small article tied up in thin tissue paper. Feebly he unrolled it; a little old style picture, faded by time, bruised and scarred, was in his hand. "This is Mary, my Mary," he murmured, as with streaming eyes he gazed upon it. "Bury this with me. Ah, Mary! we have been separated for a long time. I know you have not forgotten me. I am coming over the range; you will see me before the sun goes down." A sweet, child-like smile played upon his dark features. "I am coming, Mary," he softly whispered, and he was dead.

Will Newton was overwhelmed with grief. He threw himself beside the dead man and cried, "Oh, my brave, noble, generous friend, I cannot give you up." Bill Logan and a few others with sorrowful hearts and tearful eyes gathered around to console their friend. As soon as Will could command himself he called Bill Logan aside to explain matters to him, so that in case of his death Logan would not be deprived of his legacy.

When Bill was made to understand what his comrade had left him, he too, broke down and wept as if his heart would break. As he was trying to rally from his emotion, he said, "Newton, excuse me; it is not often that I run at the scuppers like this, but just to think that poor Dan should do so much for me. It is more than I can stand."

Newton and Logan arranged to divide the night between them watching the remains of their friend, and on the following morning Will Newton rode back to the small village of Boonsboro, just west of the South Mountain Gap, in full view of the battle field and purchased a lot in the little cemetery for his friend. It was a beautiful lot under the shade of a noble oak. A good casket was secured. The whole company marched down with reversed arms

to the funeral, and stood with uncovered heads while the village pastor performed the burial service. Three vollies were fired above his grave, and his comrades said "good bye" to all that was mortal of Dan Eliott.

Young Newton, on the following day, went to a lawyer and had the papers given him by Eliott so arranged, that in case of his death the money should be paid to the order of Jerry Lamb, to be held by him in trust to be used for the benefit of orphan children in the village of Maplewood. All the papers with explanations were then sent to Mr. Lamb.

"Don't it beat the world!" said the latter. "That boy always finds friends; and then see what confidence he puts in me. Well, I only hope he will live to come back and enjoy the fortune he has so unexpectedly gained."

For several days after the battle of Antietam, the Federal troops were busily engaged in burying their dead, and also those of the Confederates who had been left upon the battle field, for General Lee in making his skillful and rapid retreat across the Potomac had left a large portion of his dead unburied. Will Newton walked across the field while the various details of troops were thus occupied,

and was thus enabled to see what a terrible slaughter there had been in both armies during the battle. It was a very sad spectacle thus presented to his view; hundreds of lifeless men, who but a short time before were among the flower of the hostile armies, now cold and dead. The burial parties becoming accustomed to handling the dead bodies, buried them much as they would have buried mere animals. The great object being to get them concealed from view. They were buried in trenches, and where twenty or more could be covered, placed in a single trench; also in smaller and larger numbers as the circumstances would warrant. In some instances where it was not convenient to dig trenches, the bodies were thrown into deep wells and then covered with earth and rocks.

Many persons delight to speak of the glories of war; but such scenes as Will Newton witnessed upon the battle field of Antietam, taught him that at best war is only murder on a tremendous scale, and in a most aggravated form. And while he, in his intense loyalty for his country, saw the necessity of all Union men standing in defense of their flag, he deeply deplored the fact that such a terrible conflict had been forced upon the country.

CHAPTER X.

A few days after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, Will Newton was suddenly seized by some disease, the symptoms being those of typhoid fever. The surgeons, after a critical examination of his case, decided that absolute quiet and rest was necessary. "But where can that be obtained?" wearily asked the patient, as he turned upon his coarse blankets. "I will go and find you some such a place," kindly responded the surgeon, as he left the suffering man.

A few hours later, the surgeon returned, and reported that he had found a splendid place for his patient. A fine Union family of wealth and intelligence who lived but a short distance from the battle field, had kindly consented to have the young officer removed to their home where he could remain until he was fully recovered. The matter was soon arranged. Bill Logan was to go with him as an attendant, and an ambulance soon conveyed

Newton and his friend from the tent of the former to the hospitable mansion of Judge Johnson.

The members of Will Newton's company were all very sorry to have their commander leave them. They shook their heads sadly as the ambulance rolled away; one of them remarking, "We shall never see him again." "I fear that we shall not," responded another; "and I am very sure that we shall never see another officer like him." After exchanging many remarks about Newton's kindness and bravery, the men dispersed to their quarters.

The family of Judge Johnson gave Will Newton a genuine Southern welcome, and gladly did all in their power to aid in the work of recovery. Old "mammy," the colored nurse, who had been in the family from the time that Judge Johnson was born, was to her great delight appointed as special nurse for the young man.

"Golly, guess ole mammy kin fetch the young ossifer round if any body kin," proudly remarked the old woman, as she took her station by his side. "Pears like as if ole massa Linkum had sent de chile he-ar for ole mammy to take care of. Guess massa Linkum am a berry lebel-headed man, and dis chile will show him dat he is not mistooken in

his obpinion." But notwithstanding the skill of physicians, the kindness of friends, the attention of ole mammy and the watchful care of Bill Logan, there were long days and weeks of suffering for Will Newton to pass through. His nervous system had been completely exhausted, which with the terrible blow he had received upon his head, nearly sent him to his grave. For a number of days he was completely unconscious of all events transpiring around him ; but notwithstanding all the unfavorable conditions in his case, the crisis was successfully passed, and he began slowly to recover. Not a day had passed but what a delegation from his company had visited the house to inquire after their commander ; and their solicitude for his welfare revealed the great love which they cherished for him.

Before Will Newton had recovered, the army of the Potomac was once more under marching orders, and Bill Logan was preparing to return to his regiment. One afternoon, he sat beside the bed of Newton, and as they engaged in conversation, Logan remarked, "I shall return to our company to-morrow and I have one favor to ask of you before I go."

"What is it, Bill?" replied the other.

"In case I should be killed before I see you again that I may be buried there beside Dan. Do you suppose that if he was able to speak he would object?"

Newton was much affected by the solemn words and manner of the other, and endeavored to laugh at his fears. "Of course you shall be buried there when you die if you desire it; but Logan, you will live to go back to New England and make several voyages around the world yet." laughed Will.

But Logan only shook his head. "My next voyage Will, is one from which no one returns, a shoreless sea; but I am not afraid to go."

"Do not go back to the regiment," interrupted Newton. "You shall not go. I can have you detailed to remain with me until I return."

"No," answered Bill; "that would not be right; I have enlisted with the rest. and shall stand my regular watch and share my danger with them. I have made all my arrangements to go in the morning."

"Why do you feel so positive that something is to happen?" inquired Newton. "You have been watching with me so long you have become nervous."

CROSSING THE POTOMAC RIVER AT HARPER'S FERRY.

"Not at all sir," said Logan. "I have had a dream, don't laugh now; but in a dream it has all been made plain to me."

"Oh, it is only a dream," laughed Will, "and they always turn out just opposite from what we expect them to be. Now I am sure you will live for fifty years, and we will, when we get home, enjoy life together."

"No! No!" interrupted the other. "Dreams of this kind do not come to pass in opposites. I never had but one like it before, and God knows that came to pass with a terrible reality."

"Tell me about it," said Will, hoping to divert his companion's mind from the painful theme upon which he had been talking.

"I don't care to spin the yarn," remarked Logan; "but I will do so if you care to listen. It took place a number of years ago, when I was about twenty-five years of age. We were on the Indian ocean; our voyage had been very successful up to that time. We had a fine ship of some fifteen hundred tons; our officers and crew were all excellent sailors, but a very profane lot of men, and I was as bad as any of them. The old man was a tiger; good and kind to his men, but a terrible fellow to

make things rush. The wind had been favorable and we were flying day after day with every inch of canvas spread. The old man was delighted and swore that he would make the quickest voyage ever made. One night my watch turned in at midnight; the sky was clear and the sea smooth as glass; the ship was making about nine knots an hour. I soon fell asleep, and while in that condition, saw as plainly as I see you a typhoon strike the ship and make a complete wreck of it. The typhoon came directly from the point we were making, while for a few leagues on either side of it there was perfect calm, and consequently, safety. I saw the whole thing; the masts going by the board; the ship on her beam ends; the crash of timbers; the shouts and groans of the men; the howling of the storm; making up a scene I shall never forget. I awoke, and springing from my hammock, rushed on deck. Every thing was as calm as it was at midnight. I returned to my berth, but could not sleep. The dream had made such an impression upon me, that early in the morning, I went into the cabin and told the whole thing to the old man and pleaded with him to change the course of the ship a few points, that we might thus escape the danger of the coming

storm. He only laughed and said, 'Boy, you are a little cranky and frightened. Here, take a stiff glass of grog; it will stiffen you up.' I refused the liquor, and after having once more pleaded with him to change his course, without avail, I left him. The day passed as several of the preceding ones had. Late in the afternoon the barometer began to fall; but there were no visible indications of a storm. At sunset the air became thick and close; the sky looked red and angry, and as the night came on, the captain ordered a part of our canvas to be taken in; but the good ship still plunged on at the rate of seven or eight knots. Suddenly it grew dark; the air seemed to shiver as if it was frightened at something and the wind began to sigh and whistle through the rigging. The old man gave orders to take in sail. We all sprang to obey, but it was of no use. The typhoon had struck her, and in less than three minutes, ship and all had gone down.

A few minutes later the storm had passed and I found myself clinging to a piece of timber. The sea soon became smooth, but I was the only survivor. The next day, I was picked up by a passing ship, and learned that the track of the storm was so narrow, that if we had changed our course in either

direction for a few hours run we should have escaped it entirely. I tell you that some dreams must not be laughed at."

"That was indeed a singular case," replied Newton. "But what about the one you have just spoken of, that which makes you so solemn?"

"Well, I can tell you in a short time and with few words," continued Logan. "I went to sleep this morning a little after one o'clock and dreamed just as I did before. I saw our regiment in a terrible battle; a large portion of our men were soon killed or wounded, and we were defeated. Just as we were about to fall back, and when I was in the act of encouraging the boys, a rifle ball went through my breast and I fell. I went through the whole process of dying as naturally and actually as I ever shall; things around me became dim and indistinct, while I appeared to see objects afar off, and I seemed to float off nearer to them. There were people on the bank above me; I was afraid that I did not have strength to climb up; some one put a hand down and clasped mine; I stood beside him, and do you know, it was Dan Eliott, with a beautiful new white uniform on? I never saw him look so well, and as he was making me feel at home I woke up.

It was all real to me. I shall see Dan before a great while,"—and arising from the chair he left the room.

Will Newton was overwhelemed with his feelings; he was not superstitious, but in his weak physical condition he could not help feeling that some sad disaster was about to overtake his old friend. Gladly would he have made Logan remain with him, until he should return to his regiment, but Logan persisted in returning before the command crossed the Potomac river, and on the day following the conversation narrated above, after a tender farewell, Logan and Newton separated.

For several days after Logan's departure Will Newton's mind was filled with fearful forebodings; but as the days passed his old cheerfulness returned. Orders had been issued from head-quarters for all the sick and wounded to be removed to Baltimore and Washington, and Will Newton was obliged to leave his pleasant quarters. His host offered to convey him to Washington; which offer Will gladly accepted, and by easy stages they made it a most pleasant journey.

On arriving at Washington they drove directly to one of the principal hotels until Will could ascertain in what hospital he was to be located. As he

was passing up the steps of the hotel leaning upon the arm of his Maryland host, he was surprised to hear his name called several times by some person who was striving to push through the dense crowd to reach him. You can imagine his surprise when his old comrade, Harry Temple, threw his arms around his neck and received him with the greatest manifestations of joy.

As soon as Harry could speak he exclaimed, "My father is here!" and turning to a noble, dignified gray haired man, he said, "Father, this is my old friend and comrade, Will Newton."

Mr. Temple received Lieut. Newton in the most cordial manner and again thanked him for all that he had done for his boy. Newton explained to them why he was there and that he knew not where his home would be while in the city.

"You shall remain here at the hotel with us," remarked Mr. Temple; "for we are to remain here several weeks. It will afford me great pleasure to entertain you as my guest."

"I am very grateful, sir," replied Will; "but you forget that I am a soldier and under the command of superior officers. I must go wherever they send me."

"Have no fears on that score," replied the other. "I am on intimate terms of friendship with both the President and the Secretary of War, and either of them will gladly grant me this small favor."

So it was arranged that Will should remain at the hotel.

The days passed rapidly. His old friend had much to tell him of college life and a thousand questions to ask about the regiment. There were drives and receptions, for Will's Massachusetts friends introduced him to the highest circles of society, and the time passed very pleasantly to them all.

Early in December, Newton received a telegram from his colonel informing him that he would be in Washington on a given date, en route for the front to regain his regiment, which was then near Fredericksburg, where General Burnside was preparing for a battle.

Newton determined to go to the front with him. In vain did his friends urge him to remain; so he bade them farewell, and in company with the colonel left Washington for Falmouth, a small village in Virginia near Fredericksburg.

On their route the two friends chatted like school boys. The colonel informed Will that his

wounds were not all healed and his broken leg was so weak that he was compelled to use both a crutch and cane when he walked. "I fear," laughed the colonel, as he looked upon Will's pale, thin countenance, "that they will think we are not much of a re-inforcement; I, on crutches, and you so thin and wasted; but I could not bear the thought of the regiment going into the battle without being there to share the dangers with them. But, by the way, Newton, what became of that soldier who defended us in the corn field of Antietam? At that time I was partially unconscious as I lay beneath my horse; but I could see him, bleeding from a dozen wounds and swinging that bloody saber, as he kept at least twenty Confederates at bay. It was the most daring, reckless exploit that I ever saw. I was talking with the Governor about it last week, and he intimated that if the man was living he should be rewarded with a commission for his bravery."

"Poor Dan Eliott is dead," sadly remarked Newton. "He died that very day. He received a mortal wound just as our men arrived and rescued us."

And thus the two brother officers passed the hours, and as the sun was sinking from view behind

the hills across the Rappahanock river, they reached the encampment of their old command.

The regiment was out on dress parade when the colonel and Will appeared upon the parade ground in front of them. When the men saw them all discipline was for a single moment forgotten, and to the great surprise of the officer in command, who had not noticed the arrivals, threw their caps in the air, giving three rousing cheers for the colonel, and three more for Lieutenant Newton.

The regiment was speedily dismissed from the parade and the men by scores flocked around the new comers to give them a hearty welcome.

As soon as it was possible Will Newton went to his company. The captain had recovered from the effects of the wounds which he had received at the battle of Fair Oaks, and was in command. Logan was almost overcome with joy to see Newton again. The regiment was under marching orders, and on the following day they moved in the direction of Fredericksburg. The colonel and Newton rode in an ambulance as neither of them was able to march.

That night they bivouacked on the Stafford hills, across the Rappahanock river, directly opposite the city. Will Newton and Logan shared each other's

blankets for the night and conversed in low tones long after their comrades were asleep. Newton purposely avoided all mention of the matter which had pressed so heavily upon Logan's mind when he bade him good bye in Maryland. They talked of the past, from the time when they first met each other, and of the many subsequent adventures through which they had passed, and what they would do if they should live to return to New England. But Will Newton could see that Logan's apparent cheerfulness was all assumed and that some melancholy subject was pressing upon his mind; silently he raised his heart in prayer for the safety of his friend during the coming battle. It was past midnight before they bade each other good night. There was but little sleep for Newton, however; he was thinking of the friend beside him. Bill Logan slept soundly, though occasional murmurings would come to Newton. He listened, but could only hear him say, "Yes, Dan, I am coming." And thus the night passed slowly away.

CHAPTER XI.

The battle of Fredericksburg had been raging for several hours with desperate fury before the regiment of Newton was ordered across the river. Earlier in the day a consultation had been held by the colonel and Newton to decide as to how they should get into the battle, as neither of them was able to walk a great distance. The surgeon and all the officers advised them to remain where they were, but neither of them would listen to that for a moment. So it was finally arranged that they should both go on horseback.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they were ordered across the river. The battle was being decided against the Federals, and their division was designated to make a charge and thus endeavor to carry the famous stone wall and the heights beyond. Their line was formed in rear of the city and within point-blank range of the Confederate guns. The colonel and Will Newton were the only wounded officers in the regiment on that occasion.

It was a reckless undertaking for them to endeavor to ride across the open field every square inch of which was raked by the enemy's fire; but if they did not ride they could not go, and they would not consent to remain behind. The order was given. The regiment sprang to its feet and upon the double-quick dashed across the field towards the Confederate works. A murderous fire was poured upon them but they pressed on. Much to Newton's disgust, before he had proceeded far, his horse was shot dead, and not being able to keep up with the men he was obliged to return to the city and with the deepest anxiety wait for the result of the conflict. There could be but one result to such an undertaking. The desperate valor and reckless sacrifice of life could avail nothing against such odds, and the regiment in common with the whole division, was hurled back after having sustained a fearful loss.

Will Newton, as he was endeavoring to find the remnant of his regiment, saw a small squad of his own men coming back bearing one of their comrades on a blanket; his heart sank as he saw them. Sadly they laid their burden at his feet. It was the form of Bill Logan. He was dead. Will was overwhelmed with grief, and his comrades, think-

CHARGE OF CAPTAIN NEWTON'S REGIMENT AT FREDERICKSBURG.

ing to assuage his sorrow told him of Logan's prowess and daring. No other man, they said, went so near the Confederate works as did he, and when the regiment could go no farther, Logan sprang out in front of the line, waving his hat and calling for the men to come on. He was immediately shot down, and as his men rushed forward to recover his body, he only articulated the words, "Dan, I am coming."

"Brave, good man," murmured Will. "I do not know how I can live without you. Logan and Eliott both gone! I feel that I am left alone." Newton had the body of his friend carried across the river, and detailed two of his men to guard it until the battle was decided.

On the following morning he obtained leave of absence, as he was unable to perform active service, and conveyed the remains to Washington, and from thence to Boonsboro, Maryland, where he buried them beside those of Dan Eliott. After a week's absence he returned and found his regiment near Falmouth, at which point they went into winter quarters.

General Hooker was soon placed in command of the army, and a thorough re-organization of the

whole Federal army was made. Those officers who were disabled or inefficient, were asked to resign, and worthy men promoted to fill their places. The colonel of Will Newton's regiment was promoted to a Brigadier-general; the captain of his company was promoted to be Major of the regiment, while Will Newton was made Captain of the company. to the great satisfaction of all his men. But much work and responsibility devolved upon him in this new position; and he straightway undertook the work of making his company the best in the regiment.

There were many ways in which he worked to accomplish this result. He visited all the tents within his command, talked pleasantly with his men, learned much about their families left at home, and of the circumstances surrounding them. He took special pains to have all the wants of the men supplied so far as he possibly could; the sick were given special attention, and many luxuries were provided for their use by the thoughtfulness and generosity of their beloved commander. He thus won the confidence of each man. They all came to understand that the captain was their special friend, and who would do all in his power to aid them

whenever they needed assistance. They in turn asked themselves how they could repay him for the kindness thus shown; and when he informed them that it was by good behavior and discipline on their part that he was to be repaid, each man immediately resolved to assist in making the company the model one of the regiment.

Not many weeks went by before they were pointed out on drill at dress parade, in camp and on review, as the Banner Company of the brigade. Once each week, Captain Newton arranged to have a fine dinner for the whole company; vegetables and all necessary materials were purchased at the brigade commissary and placed in the skillful hands of the company cook, who would, in double-quick time, produce a delicious repast for the men. These were special seasons in the history of the company, and at such times, all rank was laid aside, and Will Newton came forth from his tent with dish and spoon to take dinner with the boys; and by his own wit and boyish enthusiasm did much to add to the joy of the occasion. Some of his brother officers were a little jealous at the popularity of the young captain with his men. One of them sneeringly remarked, that if he only had the wealth

possessed by Newton, he too, could provide dinners for his men.

"Perhaps so," said Will. "Let us estimate for a moment the cost of some of our purchases. How much do you expend each week for cigars, my dear sir?"

"Oh, but a little," said the other. "Not over fifty cents a day perhaps."

"How much for liquors?" queried Newton.

"Very little indeed," was the answer. "Two dollars a week will cover that."

"Yes, said the other, "but a number of you have organized a social club, and three evenings each week you have suppers. Now, how often does your turn come to provide the wine supper?"

"Once a month only," replied the officer.

"And how much does that cost?" asked Will.

"About twelve dollars."

"Well, sir;" resumed Newton; "let us figure this up; your tobacco each week is three dollars and a half; your liquors cost two dollars more, and your wine supper averages about three dollars a week, making a total aggregate of eight dollars and fifty cents each week, at your own estimates, which are probably below their actual cost to you. But

Raiding in a Snow Storm.

eight dollars and fifty cents each week is considerably more than the amount which I pay for the benefit of my company."

"That may be," somewhat tartly responded the other; "but a fellow wants a little fun and enjoyment out here. There is work and danger and hardships enough and I want some enjoyment to even the thing up."

"Very true, sir," replied Newton. "But I doubt after all if you derive any more pleasure from your methods than I do from mine. It is just grand to have all your men love you, and to know that you are helping those who are so situated that they cannot help themselves; at any rate I prefer my plan to yours." And at this point the matter was dropped by mutual consent.

A weekly prayer-meeting was sustained in the company, and Captain Newton very often went to the tents of his men and joined with them in family prayers. One night, at the close of a very hard day's work, he chanced to be in company with the chaplain of the regiment and several other officers, when they were approached by a soldier in a faded uniform who was anxiously inquiring for the chaplain. He stated that his brother was sick and dying;

he wanted some one to pray with him; there was no one in his own regiment on whom he could call for that service and he had come for relief.

"How far is your regiment from here?" asked the chaplain.

"About three miles I think, sir," said the soldier.

"Well, it is now about dark and beginning to rain I do not see how I can go," replied the chaplain; "and I have very many sick men in my own regiment to look after. The Government ought to have a chaplain in each regiment."

"That is so," rudely laughed an officer; "can hardly expect one man to do the praying for the whole army, can they?" And a loud laugh followed this jest.

The soldier with a sad face and tearful eyes turned away. Captain Newton immediately followed the man from the tent and accosted him with, "My good fellow, you look tired and sad."

"Yes, sir;" and the man burst into tears. Trying to recover his composure he added, "You will pardon me, sir, but my heart is nearly broken; poor Jim has been sick ever since the battle at Fredericksburg: he is much younger than I am, so he kind 'o leans on me. I have taken care of him

nights, and done all my work days, so that I am almost worn out. To-night, Jimmy felt that he was dying and wanted some one to pray for him. He talked so much about it that I said he should have some one. I am not worth a cent to pray myself, and there was no one in our regiment that would. I heard that up here you kept a man who was paid by the Government to do nothing but pray, so I tramped up here; but he won't go. Poor Jim will feel awful bad when I tell him that there is no one in the army to pray for him."

"Wait here a moment," said Newton; and he ran to the quartermaster's tent where he borrowed a heavy coat and two horses, and vaulting into the saddle, and leading the other horse to the waiting man, ordered him to mount and lead the way. Out in the darkness they rode making all possible speed, the high mettled horses throwing the mud all over them as they dashed on.

"Here we are, sir," said the guide, as they halted in a company street beside a small tent. A soldier standing near took the horses, and the two men stooping low, entered the little tent. A short piece of candle very dimly lighted the tent. Everything had been done that was possible to make the

tent comfortable for the invalid who laid upon the rough couch. He was but a boy, fair and delicate, who was evidently in the very last stages of a quick consumption. He opened his blue eyes as they entered, and gazed wistfully into their countenances.

The elder brother threw himself upon his knees beside the bed, and kissing the thin, upturned face, cried, "Dear Jim, he has come to pray with you."

"What! as mother used to pray?" feebly gasped the young sufferer.

"Yes, as mother used to," kindly replied the other.

Captain Newton, throwing aside his wet coat, knelt down and took the sufferer's hands in his own and asked, "Are you very sick, my boy?"

"Yes, sir;" was the whispered answer. "I am so tired that I shall be glad when the end comes."

"And you wanted some one to pray?" continued the officer.

"Yes, sir; read and pray. I didn't want to die without it."

"Well, my boy, I have come to help you in that matter." And Will began to repeat from memory many passages of Scripture.

"Oh, they are so nice," whispered the dying boy;

"and now I want you to pray. Mother used to learn me a prayer that began with something like 'Our Father, who art in Heaven,' perhaps you have heard it; and in it somewhere it said, 'forgive us our sins.' Be sure and say that part very plainly, sir, for I want my sins forgiven."

Will Newton's heart was touched by the earnest simplicity of the boy's faith, and folding him in his arms with his head resting upon his shoulder he poured out his heart, asking God to smile in mercy upon the suffering one.

Before the prayer closed he felt the head sinking more heavily upon his shoulder. The boy was dead; but a sweet smile of peace and resignation rested upon his countenance. Encouraging words of Christian sympathy were spoken to the living, and after giving him a generous sum of money, Captain Newton returned to his regiment.

Thus the winter passed. There were many manly sports introduced by the men in which the captain joined most heartily. In playing ball, pitching quoits, running races and other games, he excelled all his competitors; and without forfeiting his dignity in the least degree he won the respect and confidence of all.

But the young officer did not find his experience in the army devoid of all anxiety and trouble, for occasionally things occurred which were very painful to him. During the winter that they were encamped at Falmouth, the general in command of his brigade, one day extended invitations for some fifty officers to dine with him. It was a most brilliant occasion. Capt. Newton and several other officers from his regiment were included in the number invited. The dinner was served in a large tent and the long table was well loaded with the bounteous banquet.

They entered into the spirit of the hour with great zest. Prominent on the bill of fare were wines and liquors of all kinds which were served in the greatest abundance.

Captain Newton noticed with regret that he was the only guest at the table whose glass was not filled and drained. This exception to the general rule was unnoticed by the party until the glasses had been emptied several times. Then, "the wine was in and the wit was out," and the exhilarating effects of the liquor were plainly visible. An officer who sat on the opposite side of the table from Newton,

cried out, "Gentlemen, we must look after Newton, for he has not drank his liquor."

This outburst was followed by a chorus of cries like the following:—"He lacks true pluck!" "A sort of school girl!" "Guess he designs to be a parson!" "A man who won't drink, won't fight!" "Give him some milk and water!" "Send him home to his mother!"

Newton felt much embarrassed and very indignant as he listened to these derisive cries from his brother officers, and the tempter whispered to him that for this time he had better compromise the matter by drinking a glass of wine, and thus have all the unpleasant features disposed of. But it was only for a moment that he entertained the thought, and he resolved to stand by his convictions for right whatever the result should be.

In the midst of this drunken uproar he arose from his seat determined to retire from the company. At that point, however, the host, who occupied a seat at the head of the table, arose and supporting himself by leaning upon the table, said in a tone of authority, "Captain Newton will resume his seat!"

"Not to be insulted, sir," said the latter firmly, facing his superior officer.

"Oh!" responded the host, "we are all brave men here. We are gentlemen. We pledge both bravery and honor in these glasses, and it is both ungentlemanly and cowardly to refuse to drink." At this remark a loud shout of applause ran around the circle.

"Sir, I am your guest," replied Newton; "and as such I wish to show you all due respect, but I shall not drink any liquors at your table; and as for bravery, there are at least as many opportunities to display it on the field of battle as in a drunken debauch like this. You speak of honor; if such conduct as I see here is a specimen, I have no desire to be an honorable man."

The company were almost appalled at the manly words thus spoken. The host was beside himself with passion. He brought his clenched hand down with terrible force upon the table, and with an oath he drew a revolver from his belt and rushed upon young Newton, exclaiming, "No man shall insult me at my own table!"

Captain Newton calmly folded his arms across his breast and remained perfectly unmoved by the threatening danger. The other officers here interfered and led the host back to his seat. But the

general immediately ordered Captain Newton to go to his quarters and remain there under arrest until a court martial could be convened to dismiss him in disgrace from the service. There was of course nothing for Newton to do but to obey, and he returned to his tent.

He had been there but a short time however, before his old friend, the former colonel of his regiment, now a brigadier general, rode up to his tent and invited him to take a ride with him.

"I am under arrest," replied Newton.

"For what?" asked his friend in great surprise.

Captain Newton gave him all the particulars of the case.

"The villain!" muttered the listener. "I will teach him a lesson."

"What can you do?" asked Will.

"I shall place the whole matter before General Hooker and you will hear from this with a vengeance before many hours," said the general, as he bade his friend good-bye and rode away.

He went directly to the army head-quarters and told the whole story to the erratic, impulsive, brave commander, General Joe Hooker. "Old Fighting Joe" was very indignant. He drew up his straight,

soldierly form to its fullest height and ejaculated as he walked rapidly back and forth across the room, "I will teach him a lesson! I command this army! I will have better discipline! If an officer drinks liquor, I cannot hinder it so long as it does not injure him as a soldier; but when he insults and threatens to shoot and disgrace a man that does not drink, it is outrageous! I will put a stop to it! That fellow shall be made an example of for the whole army," and seizing a pen the old general wrote a note to the officer against whom the complaint had been made, of which the following is the substance:

"You will immediately release Captain Newton whom you have placed under arrest. Apologize to him and then send your resignation to these headquarters, and thus escape a court martial."

It is quite needless to add that before many hours had passed, Captain Newton was released and a certain brigade commander in the army of the Potomac resigned on account of his *ill health*.

But Will Newton soon discovered that many of his brother officers did not cherish as friendly feelings for him as he could have wished; although his regret on that account was amply compensated for by the love and respect of the better class of officers

and all the enlisted men in the regiment. The boys termed him the "soldier's friend," and that title was of more value to him than any honor that could have been bestowed upon him.

CHAPTER XII.

One embarrassing feature in Newton's experience as captain, was the fact that within his company were several boys about his own age. They were smart, bright, active fellows, as full of life and mischief as boys can possibly be; and while there was nothing willful about them, they were always playing practical jokes upon each other, and foraging upon both the Government and the surrounding citizens. Of course Newton knew enough of human nature to understand that such things must be expected on the part of the men; but at times by their thoughtlessness they placed him in most awkward positions. Four of these young rogues occupied one tent, and so notorious had become the exploits of its occupants, that the tent was known as the "forager's retreat;" and if the walls of that little tent could have spoken, they would have told of many bountiful meals eaten therein at the expense of the Government, or of Virginia planters. But so

adroitly were all these matters managed that the guilty could never be detected.

One morning during the winter, near Falmouth, there was a loud knock at Captain Newton's door, and when opened to ascertain what was wanted, there stood before him a tall, lank citizen, clad in an all butternut suit of clothes, with slouched hat, long hair and beard. His errand was soon made known. On the previous night his only porker, a fine fat pig that he had been feeding with great care and which he intended to slaughter in a few days for his own use, had been stolen. The thieves had killed the pig on the premises and carried the meat away; leaving a card fastened to the door of his house, upon which was printed in rude letters, "Charge the price of the pig to Uncle Sam." The outraged man was of course very angry at this piece of impudence, and through the mud and a heavy frost upon the ground, he had tracked the thieves to Captain Newton's company, and demanded that officer to assist him in his endeavor to recover his lost property. Newton of course informed him that he would do all in his power to aid him, for he felt indignant at the meanness of those who would steal the only pig a man possessed.

The company were immediately ordered to "fall in." When the line was formed, a detail of four men was ordered to search every tent in the company. Captain Newton expected of course that when the "forager's retreat" was searched some proof of the theft would be discovered, but no signs of the lost piggy were there. When the search had been completed, the report was that no indications of the stolen property had been discovered. The old Virginian departed, vowing vengeance upon the whole Union army.

Nothing more was heard of the affair until on the following day at noon, when one of the rascals who occupied the "foragers' retreat," stood coolly at the Captain's door with a fine roast of pork done to a turn. It was handed to the captain, and without speaking the donor walked away.

After dinner, Will Newton walked down to the "forager's retreat," and said, "Look here boys, you managed that well; for I did my best to ascertain if that pig was in the company, and failed; and I want you to tell me where you had it concealed?"

One of the four owners of the tent, and the one who on great occasions usually acted as spokesman for them all, replied, "Captain, we have the great-

est respect for you, and if you insist upon knowing, why of course we must tell you; but I hope you will not make such a demand, for we are men of honor and to give you the required information will place us in a very awkward position."

"Why so?" asked Newton.

"Because the pork was concealed in the tent of a friend, and we do not want to implicate him."

"Was the pork in the regiment when the search was made?" demanded the captain.

"Oh yes, indeed," came the reply.

"Then why was it not found?" asked the captain. "For every company was searched at the same time."

"Because they did not happen to search the officers' tents," replied the other.

"You do not pretend to tell me that the stolen pork was concealed within the tent of any officer in this regiment, do you?" demanded the surprised Newton.

"Exactly," said the other very solemnly. "One of the best officers in the whole regiment. One who is a brave Christian man."

"What do you mean? Who is it? I demand that you inform me," ejaculated the astonished captain.

"Well, if I must, I must," said the other. "You see we got in with the pig just before the morning roll-call; we knew there would be a fuss and search after it, and that we must put it in a secure place. We concluded that the safest place would be where they would least expect it to be found. So when the old chaplain went out at the roll-call we got into his tent and covered the pig up with his blankets, Bibles, tracts and other things, so that no one would have mistrusted that it was there."

The captain was half angry, but laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "You rascals!" he exclaimed. "And so you concealed your stolen pig in the chaplain's tent. Supposing it had been discovered there, what would the chaplain have said?"

"Well," replied the other, "he is a smooth spoken old fellow, and would have gotten out of it in some way."

"But how did you get your pork out of his tent without being discovered?" questioned Newton.

"Oh, nothing easier," said the other. "Tom here had a very severe headache. We feared he would have an attack of typhoid fever, and if he did, perhaps he would die. So I went up and told the chaplain about it and asked him to come down and

make some consoling talk to him, and while he was preparing Tom to die, Dick and I went up to the chaplain's tent with a hard-bread box; we put the little pig into it and spread some religious papers and tracts over him. As we were leaving the tent, the sergeant-major yelled out, 'What are you doing there?' We answered, 'going to do some religious work for the chaplain.' By the time we got back here, Tom was prepared for eternity. So we hid the pork until to-day and then cooked it. We hope you liked your piece, captain? We had an awful sight of trouble and work to get it, but good people must always expect tribulation and trouble in this world I suppose,"— and the young rascal turned his eyes upward in the most approved fashion.

Captain Newton made a great effort to look severe and then gave the boys some good advice in a kind way, persuading them not to forage any more, bidding them good day and hoping that they would follow his counsel.

It was but a few days after this however, when one of these four worthies was seen riding into camp on a fine black horse. Newton immediately hailed him and asked, "Where did you get that horse?"

"Bought him, sir;" was the answer.

"Where?"

"Down near Warrenton, sir."

"What did you buy him for?"

"To speculate on; what will you give me for him?"

The captain shook his head and passed on. He evidently had some fears as to the rightful ownership of the horse. The soldier soon traded with the quartermaster, and sold him the black steed for the snug sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The soldier of course to guarantee that he had a perfect right to sell the animal.

On the following day there was a commotion in camp. A gentleman residing a few miles away had arrived, claiming the horse as his property; it having, he stated, been stolen from his stable. The quartermaster sent for Captain Newton, who immediately summoned the vender of horses from his company. The citizen claimed that the horse was his, while the soldier insisted that he had bought him over thirty miles away and paid seventy-five dollars for him. The citizen stoutly argued that the horse was his and deplored its loss, as it was so kind an animal that his daughter could ride him.

"Is there anything peculiar about the feet of your horse?" asked the young soldier.

"No, sir;" said the citizen.

"About his shoes?" said the soldier.

"No, sir;" said the other.

"Kind to ride on horseback?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly."

The lad persisted that his horse had been purchased and paid for, and that it did not answer the description given by the man of his property. The horse was led out once more for the inspection of the company. His feet were examined, and to the surprise of all he wore those round shoes, worn by horses whose feet are flat. The citizen was very much chagrined.

"This horse is a perfect tiger when you mount him," said the young soldier. "I will put a saddle on him, and you see." He took him back to the stable, and soon led him forth with saddle and bridle. "Here he is, if any one wants to try him; he is an ugly brute."

"He is my horse and is as gentle as a lamb," said the irritated citizen. "I will mount him myself."

"Be careful sir," said the young man, as he handed him the reins.

With a withering look of contempt the gentleman sprang into the saddle, but in a moment the horse bounded into the air with a vicious scream of rage or pain, while his heels went high into the air, and the rider went heels up over the horse's head.

"Oh, just as I expected," sorrowfully exclaimed the hopeful youth. "He is an awful vicious animal."

The citizen was assisted to his feet. the horse was captured and led back to the scene of the disaster; he was tossing his head defiantly as if anxious to try it over again.

"I can't understand it," said the gentleman, as he limped away with many bruises. "He looks so much like my horse that I could take my oath to his identity; but he is so vicious! My horse was perfectly kind. I must have been mistaken."

Several weeks elapsed before Captain Newton could obtain any clue to the mystery narrated above. The four occupants of the "forager's retreat" looked a little ashamed and crest-fallen when he met them, but he wisely decided to ask them no questions about the horse trade. He was passing their tent one day and they invited him to enter. The leader of the gang began, "Captain, you have always been kind to us, and we feel condemned for having deceived

you about that horse affair, and we want to tell you all about it."

"I shall be pleased to have you do so," replied the captain.

"We told the thing at the time about as it was," said the other; "but there were a few incidental matters which we did not put in. That old gentleman who came here after the horse has a colored man working for him. Tom and I made this colored fellow's acquaintance, and he told us that when the rebels were here, the old man was a strong rebel, and when *we* came, he was a loyal man; so we got a kind of prejudice against him. We arranged with that black fellow to ride the old man's horse off some six miles from home and then sell him to us. He did so. We paid him seventy-five dollars for the animal and he gave back sixty of it to us. On our way home with our horse we happened to think that possibly he would be tracked, and got the brilliant idea of changing his shoes. A battery blacksmith was found who did the job for us. We brought him home and you know the rest."

"But," said the captain; "if he was a kind, peaceable horse, I don't understand why he should kick

and plunge so when his owner mounted him that day."

"Oh," said the other, "there was a little strategy about that which you don't understand. When I went to saddle the horse for the old gentleman I chanced to have a small piece of leather in my pocket with several sharp pointed tacks in it; it had been used as a hinge upon a small wooden box. I chanced to think that it would be well to use that, and so I placed it under the saddle in such a way that the least pressure upon it would cause the points to prick the horse's back. I cautioned the old gentleman, but he was so headstrong that it was of no use, and you know the result."

"Oh, boys," said Will, gravely, "that was too bad! I guess you went too far, and you had better return the money to the quartermaster and take the horse to his owner."

"Well, captain, that seems a little hard, but we are willing to do as you say; but we don't want to give ourselves away if we take the horse back. Won't the old fellow go for us and make another fuss?"

"You return the horse and I will look after that

matter," replied the captain; "but boys you must promise never to do any thing like this again."

The money was refunded to the quartermaster and the horse was returned to its rightful owner.

A few weeks after this the sutler's tent was one night raided upon, and among other articles of value which were stolen, were several boxes of tobacco. Of course there was an uproar in the morning. The tents were all searched by a detail of soldiers, including the "forager's retreat," but no tobacco was found. The sutler was very indignant and outspoken in his wrath and condemnation; but as he was something of a sharper himself, there was not much sympathy for him among either officers or men.

Several days later Captain Newton was passing the "retreat" and noticed several large pieces of tobacco lying upon the table. He at once asked the boys where the tobacco was secreted during the search that had been made for it. It was some little time before he could obtain a clue to the mystery; but it was soon revealed to him that they had suspended the boxes in their small chimney until after the search had been made.

"But why did you take the tobacco?" said Newton; "neither of you use it. Why take those things which were of no use to you?"

"Oh, you see," replied they, "lots of the boys have no money to buy tobacco and the old sutler will not trust them; so we fellows have been doing a sort of missionary work, and have given it away. Why, we have tobacco'd almost every man in the regiment and have several plugs left."

The captain could not find it in his heart to scold much, especially as he remembered how often he had labored with them and the little effect it had had upon them. But he urged them to remember one thing, that they were not supposed or expected to do much more missionary work of that kind.

A bee-hive was stolen from a farm house and was traced to the regiment. The colonel determined to make an example of the guilty parties so that an end might be put to these depredations. He ordered every man in the regiment to fall into line, then a guard searched all the tents. They looked everywhere but no hive, bees or honey could be found. Captain Newton's tent was a large square wall tent; the bed which was in one corner being two or three feet from the floor. A day or two after

the fruitless search had been made, Newton was busily engaged in writing at his table, when to his surprise he saw several bees flying around him. For a time he thought nothing of it, but as their number perceptibly increased and he recalled the event that had occurred a few days before, he dedetermined to investigate the matter. He looked in every place where he thought any thing of the kind could possibly be concealed, and at last, under his bed. His search was rewarded by hearing a loud, buzzing sound, and seeing a large, suspicious looking box. In a moment he understood the whole matter. His first impulse was one of indignation, but the whole affair was so ludicrous that he laughed in spite of himself. A happy thought occurred to him, and he immediately sent word to the leader of the band which resided in the "forager's retreat" that the captain desired to see him at his tent. In a few moments that worthy reported at the specified place.

"Ah, Joe," said the captain, "I am very glad to see you. I have a small favor to ask of you."

"Will gladly do anything in my power, sir, to assist you," said the other.

"Thank you, Joe; it is only a small job. There is a large box under my bunk there that I want removed. Will you please go under here and bring it out."

For a moment Joe hesitated; it was an awkward position for him. He finally replied, "With pleasure, sir."

Like a martyr, upon his hands and knees, Joe went about his allotted task. The captain almost exploding with laughter, retreated from the tent, closed the door after him and watched the proceedings through a small window.

Joe had seized the hive with nervous desperation and began to drag it forth from its place of concealment; but the bees already angry at the outrage inflicted upon them, lit upon him by dozens and scores. Our hero fought them silently for a moment or two, but it was very dark and Joe was upon his hands and knees so that his little tormentors had the advantage of him. They crawled up his trowsers legs and into his stockings; they were upon his hands and arms, in his hair, eyes, ears, and circulating very lively along his face and down his neck.

"Whew! gosh! sixty! blazes! thunder! Jupiter! Heavens and earth!!" howled Joe, as he emerged

CAMP LIFE.

from beneath the bed. Covered with his terrible little foes he jumped and danced around the tent for a time, but as matters gradually became worse, he opened the tent door and dashed like a buck to his tent, where he hoped to get rid of his foes.

The occupants of the "forager's retreat" were soon summoned to appear before the captain where they confessed the whole transaction. Having stolen the hive they had concealed it under the captain's bed by raising up the tent wall. They did not suppose that the bees would leave the hive and they were designing to remove it the very night after it was discovered.

The captain sent them to the owner and gave him his choice to return the hive or have the money paid him for it. He preferred the latter. A good round sum was paid him.

The foragers removed the hive and bees from the cabtain's tent; the latter was generously remembered when the honey was taken from the hive. Poor Joe walked like an old man for several weeks.

Quite a number of recruits were sent to Captain Newton's company during the winter that they were encamped near Falmouth, and it required constant vigilance on the part of Newton to prevent the

young rascals from playing practical jokes, and of a serious nature upon them. Such things were indulged in by the old soldiers everywhere; but Will Newton had not forgotten his own experience when he first entered the service, and did all in his power to protect the recruits. He was one night passing a tent occupied by several men who had but recently joined the company, and as he passed he saw that the occupants were all out; a moment later he saw one of the boys enter the tent. The captain watched him closely and saw him carefully deposit quite a large package of cartridges in the ashes under the fire. The design was for the powder to explode about the time the owners of the tent should return.

As the one who had concealed the package was about to leave the tent, Newton stepped up and asked him to remain within in the tent until the owners should return and tell them that the captain would like to see them.

"I will stand outside and tell them, sir," replied the other.

"Oh, no," said Newton, "that will not do; it is quite cold out here; sit down on that stool beside the fire and enjoy yourself until they return."

The fellow of course had to obey or confess as to what he had just done, and that would not do. So with a doleful countenance he took the designated seat, but looked as if he expected some great calamity to overtake him. The captain from a little distance watched the result. He waited but a moment or two ; there was a loud explosion. The tent was filled with smoke, and the patient watcher covered with ashes, dirt and fire, came out of the door-way head over heels, exclaiming, "Those recruits don't know any better than to pack their cartridges in the ashes !"

Among the recruits, was a big, corpulent German, and the boys at once decided that he was a fit subject for sport. He was fat and good natured ; slow to learn, and so dull in comprehension that he could never see the point of a joke until several days after it had taken place. On the day after he joined the company he came to the "forager's retreat" and inquired as follows, "Vat dosch you fellies mean mit de picket poscht dosch one fellie have to standeth upon it."

"Oh, yes," said Joe, "we can soon teach you how, you come with us." And Dutchey followed his instructors. A sharpened post was driven into

the ground, the upper end was sharpened to a point.

"There sir, it is ready now; try and get upon it."

They all assisted, but it was of little use for the big fellow immediately tumbled to the ground.

The spectators laughed heartily, and the poor fellow remarked, "I can never learn how!"

"You must not get discouraged too quick, my good fellow," said the captain, who at this moment most unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. "Do not get discouraged; some of these old fellows will show you how. Come Joe, said the captain, mount the picket post and give him the benefit of your example."

Joe demurred, but he looked at the captain's stern face a moment and decided that it was best for him to make the attempt. With a sorry looking face, and assisted by his comrades he managed to stand upon the peaked point of the post about four feet above the ground; but it required his utmost skill to maintain his balance. Over a hundred men had by this time been attracted to the spot.

"Stand there five minutes," said the captain, looking at his watch, "and then I will excuse you; unless you do you must try it over again."

With many flourishes of his arms and movements of his head and body, which called forth great merriment from the spectators, he managed to maintain his perch for the given time of five minutes.

CHAPTER XIII.

In one of the many letters written that winter to his old friends, the Lambs, at Maplewood, Will Newton gave this amusing description of some incidents in his army experience:

"To sleep by a small camp-fire out on the picket line during a very cold night is an event more memorable than interesting; and to make it enjoyable is one of the most difficult feats in the soldier's life.

Imagine the situation for yourself.—A cold windy day in winter, where even in this region the ground is frozen quite hard with frost; a few leafless trees flinging their bare arms sorrowfully against the rough screaming wind. The picket reserve is about one-fourth of a mile in rear of the picket line. It is composed of perhaps fifty men, who are gathered closely around a small fire. Your corresponden has the honor of being the officer in command.

The day closes and the night comes on colder and more windy than the day. The air is cold and chilly; the wind penetrating through our clothing quite easily. We soon make our arrangements to pass the night as comfortably as the circumstances will permit. One of our blankets is spread out upon the damp, cold, frosty ground, and we lie down upon that beside the fire, and draw another blanket over us, and try to sleep. But we find many embarrassing features existing, which the uninitiated would not expect. I was just beginning to sleep when I became somewhat suddenly aware of the fact that my side which was nearest to the fire was becoming too hot, while the opposite side was nearly frozen; which of course necessitated a change of position; but not many moments had passed after such a change had been made before the fact was apparent that the upper portion of my body in its recumbent position was covered with sparks of fire, while the lower was keenly feeling the snapping of Jack Frost's teeth. Again I changed locations; then my feet were too hot and my head was too cold. Thus we passed the night; roasting, freezing, turning and scolding around our picket fire. But in the midst of all these discomforts there was much good.

nature and wit displayed, showing that the boys are determined to make the best of every thing.

I had just fallen asleep last night, about midnight, when I was aroused by one of the boys who growled as he was turning his cold side towards the fire, 'I wish we had a military fire.' 'What earthly benefit would that be?' asked an unsuspecting comrade who was half asleep. 'Oh then,' chuckled the other, 'we would form it in a hollow square and sleep in the center.' 'Bright boy,' grunted the other, and a loud laugh ran around the circle of recumbent soldiers.

To-day I walked down the picket line for a mile or more, and when I returned I was surprised to see that two large posts had been driven down near the fire at a distance from each other of about twelve feet. A large beam had been securely fastened on the upper ends of the posts, about ten feet high. Of course I was interested, and asked what it was for. 'Now Captain,' said one of the most mischievious boys in the whole squad, 'I want you to guess what it is for; and if you can guess right within five minutes I will promise never to forage any more while I am a member of your company.' A great inducement had thus been offered

me, for the speaker was an inveterate forager and had caused me more trouble in that respect than any other man in the company. So to please the boys I began to guess. I named every conceivable thing; but the answer was always, 'no.' 'Four minutes have passed, captain,' exclaimed the young rascal, who held the key to the problem which I was endeavoring to solve. Then I guessed more rapidly; but when the time was up I had failed to succeed. I then of course demanded that he should tell me the object for which the posts and beam had been placed there. With the dignity of a judge, the boy sat upon a log and began,—'Captain, that is a great thing; it is a wonderful invention. The Government will be willing to pay me a large sum of money for it, for I believe it will come into general use all through the army.' And thus he ran on until I interrupted again and demanded to know what the invention was for. 'Well, captain,' he replied, 'I was about to tell you. I shall have a dozen ropes suspended from the pole, and instead of lying upon the ground to freeze to-night, as you did last night, I intend that each of you shall hang up before the fire. I will keep awake to turn you round so that you can keep warm all the time. My mother used

to roast her geese in that way, but I will promise not to roast any of you fellows.' Then there was a loud laugh; and I will confess that I did feel something like a goose.

Soon after the above episode, one of the boys with a very sober face remarked that he would like to have the company discuss a question which was of great importance to them all. 'What is it?' eagerly asked half a dozen voices; but having learned wisdom from my past experience, I remained quiet. 'My question is,' replied the first speaker, 'What are we to consider as the first step of the soldier?' That was indeed a question of importance, and the discussion soon waxed warm. One asserted that the first step was to learn to 'obey orders;' others gave answers like the following: 'To keep clean.'—'To learn the manual of arms.'—'To cook the rations in good shape.'—'How to carry a knapsack.'—And thus for an hour or more the discussion went on. I was somewhat grateful to the boy who had proposed the question, for I felt that the discussion would benefit the men.

As they were thus reminding themselves of such things as were essential in making good soldiers, I rejoiced that at least one thing was being considered

by them that did not consist entirely of fun. The question was at last referred to me, and I, with becoming gravity, informed them that in my opinion many of them had given a correct answer as to what constituted the first step of a soldier. But he who had propounded the question stood by and shook his head profoundly and said the question had not yet been answered.

'Well, Mr. Philosopher,' I remarked, 'please inform the gentlemen present what constitutes the first step of a soldier,' and to my chagrin, the answer came plump and quick,—

'Twenty-eight inches, sir.'

For me to write that the whole squad looked mad enough at their tormentor to demolish him, would be stating the truth in a very mild manner indeed.

I have decided that it is no use for me to endeavor to keep up with them in their fun for they are the most incorrigable wags that I ever saw. One of them went down a few days ago to the tent of a German sutler, a short distance from our regiment, and asked the old fellow if he had nails to sell.

'Yaw,' answered the proprietor.

'What kinds have you to sell?' inquired the customer.

'All kinds,' was the answer, as the proprietor walked up to serve his customer.

'So then you have all kinds of nails to sell?' persisted the other.

'Yaw,' said the now provoked Dutchman. 'Vatch you think me for, one phool?'

'Oh, no,' responded the hopeful youth; 'but as you have all kinds of nails to sell, weigh me out two pounds of finger nails, please.'

The soldier ran away just in time to escape from a huge bologna sausage which the angry Dutchman hurled at him.

I never knew them to find their match but once, and that was but a few weeks ago. In one of the tents the chimney was built of sods, answering every purpose very well, but not of a very substantial character. A colored boy some sixteen years old came to our company and the boys thought they would have some fun with him. He was as black as he could be, and especially prided himself in his ability to butt a fearful blow with his head. The boys of course were anxious for him to give an exhibition of his prowess in that direction. This he was willing to do, provided they would furnish some soft object for him to strike so that his head would not

be injured. This they were willing to do, and two blankets were quickly rolled up into a huge bundle to serve the purpose. This bundle was placed at the open fire place on one side of their tent. The young negro backed up to the other side of the room about five yards away, took deliberate aim, and with bowed head bounded with all his might for the target. The boys, in accordance with a previous arrangement, pulled the target away and the negro's woolly head went crashing against the back of the chimney with such force that the whole structure came tumbling down with a terrific crash.

The boys and the negro came out of the ruins unharmed; but as the former were looking with doleful countenances upon the ruins of their chimney, the negro evidently fearing that they would endeavor to hold him responsible for the disaster, shook his head defiantly, and as he walked away, muttered, 'Better take care ob de ole smoke stack when dis niggah's gwine to butt!' and the only consolation left for the boys was to rebuild their chimney."

On the afternoon of the day that Will Newton wrote the above letter to his friends in Maplewood, he noticed a large farm house with the usual num-

ber of small buildings around it situated about a third of a mile outside the picket line, and knowing that there were no rebels in that vicinity, he resolved to visit it, and detailed two of his men to go with him. As fortune would have it, they were Tom and Joe of the famous "forager's retreat." When they reached the house these two worthies at once volunteered to wait outside while the captain went in. The owner of the mansion received him very graciously; a pleasant hour was passed and they returned to the picket line. That night at a late hour, the entire picket force was aroused by a terrible commotion outside the lines. Word was passed along the line that some Confederate cavalry were about to make an attack upon them. The men "fell in" to resist the Confederates, but the noise did not seem to draw any nearer to them. There were cries of men and screams of women, barking of dogs and cackling of hens; several shots were fired and all was pandemonium itself. As soon as Captain Newton was thoroughly aroused, he saw at once that the noise was in the vicinity of the farm house which he had on that day visited. The noise soon subsided and once more quiet reigned supreme. Newton instantly surmised that his attendants, when

he called at the house, had something to do with the midnight disturbance. So on the following morning, at the first opportunity for doing so, he called one of them to him and asked him about it. There was only a moment's hesitation and then Joe gave the following graphic account of the whole affair:

"You see, sir, when we went out there with you yesterday we were looking around to see if there were any Confederates concealed around the buildings, and to our great surprise we found as large a flock of fine looking chickens as you ever saw, and we also discovered the place where they kept them nights. It was right close beside the log house occupied by the negroes. We thought that you would like to have some chicken soup, and when our relief came off at eleven o'clock last night, Tom and I walked over to the house. It was very dark. We found where the hens were but the door was fastened. We made a noise I suppose, in breaking that open, and the hens began to make a little disturbance. We soon got inside the building and captured some five or six of the hens all right, but Tom stumbled over something and fell upon a low roost of hens which we knew nothing about. Then such a noise! The hens and roosters all screamed and yelled as if each

was anxious to make the most noise. We held our breath and waited for the noise to subside. The negroes heard the hens and evidently supposed that some animal was killing the poultry; at any rate, out they came, a dozen or more men and women. The hens made such a clatter that we did not hear the negroes. I was standing inside with my back towards the door of the little house when suddenly a man stumbled upon me and the cold barrel of a gun glanced by my ear. I thought of course that the Johnnies were upon me, and forgetting every thing else, being nearly dead with fright, I sprang straight up in the air and yelled for all I was worth. That of course frightened Tom,and he jumped and yelled as loud as he could. By that time, the negroes who were surprised to find any human being there, and fearing they were about to be killed, began to yell and pray and cry for mercy. They were jumping up and down swinging their arms as they went. In the confusion the door got closed and neither of us could find it. There we were, men, women and hens all together. The dogs began to bark and howl and then we heard the report of a gun. At last Tom found the door and we ran out to ascertain who were firing the guns; and had you been there,

captain, I know you would have laughed. The old man and woman had been aroused by the racket. They occupied a room on the second floor of the house. Without stopping to change their clothes, they had lighted a lamp. The old woman was loading the guns and handing them to the old man who was evidently determined to defend his castle to the last. So he would step to the open window, and without taking aim would fire directly into the air, all the time calling in loud tones for those who were making the attack upon his home, to fly or he would kill them. In the midst of all this uproar Tom and I left. It was a very discouraging affair for us, captain."

"I am very glad," said the captain, "that you failed in your undertaking. The excuse you have made for going there to get chicken soup for me is a very poor one; and when you had secured six chickens, by your own report you were not satisfied. How much soup did you think that I would need? I am ashamed of you, Joe, and am very glad that you was obliged to come back without a single chicken."

"I did not say that," interrupted Joe, "we got back with five or six of them; but we would have

made a glorious haul if those confounded negroes had not interrupted us." And the worthy Joe departed. At noon however, a fine dish of the spoils was sent up to the captain.

One day, Captain Newton, with several other officers, were riding outside the Federal picket lines not far from Ely's Ford upon the Rappahanock river. It was at that time a part of the country that had not felt the ravages of war as had other sections farther up the river. There were large plantations; the fences remained undestroyed; and large herds of cattle which had not been molested by the soldiers of either army. They were riding past a field of about twenty acres which was enclosed by a very high fence, when to their surprise, they saw three Union soldiers dashing across the field in pursuit of a huge fat buck. The men were armed with small revolvers, and as the animal managed to keep a good number of yards in advance of his pursuers, he evidently was not receiving much injury from the small battery brought to bear upon him. As the pursued and pursuers passed the edge of the field near where the officers were watching, unobserved by the soldiers the result of the chase, Captain Newton discovered that they belonged to

his command, and were none other than the three famous foragers. Back and forth, to and fro, across the enclosure the soldiers and sheep dashed. At times it looked as if the former were about to seize their prey; and then the gallant old buck would leave his enemies far behind him in his race for life. The spectators enjoyed the scene very much, and made many comments as to its probable results. Fortune at last seemed to favor the gallant pursuers; for the old buck dashed into a narrow lane, the only exit from which was the narrow entrance through which he had entered. The soldiers with a loud cheer dashed to that opening, being now confident that the prize was their own. They continued their pursuit along the lane, which was only about two yards in width, and as they proceeded, they discussed what would be the easiest way for them to carry the meat to their regiment. In the meantime, the buck had reached the end of the lane and not finding any avenue of escape, turned around and walked defiantly back facing his pursuers. The boys saw him coming, and were highly elated.

"He is coming back to surrender!" cried Joe.

"Yes," said another. "But it must be an unconditional surrender, old fellow."

In a few moments they were within a few yards of old Billy. The latter stopped, planted his fore-feet firmly upon the ground, held his head erect, and looked pleasantly upon the approaching parties.

"Poor old fellow," said one; "He deeply regrets the great trouble he has caused us; we had better not waste any more ammunition on him, but catch him and lead him like a prisoner to camp; it will be much easier than to carry him after he is killed."

This was quickly agreed to by the three worthies, who walked deliberately forward in Indian file to seize the foe, who had so quietly surrendered. The leader was within two yards of the buck when he saw something threatening in his appearance. His warning cry, "Look out, boys!" led to the sudden drawing of the revolvers; but that movement was a moment to late to avert the threatened disaster. The old buck had made a desperate charge upon his assailants.

For a time things were decidedly mixed. There was a rushing mass! The sharp crack of revolvers. Three soldiers and a sheep, all striving for the uppermost position. There were shouts and groans.

The result of it all was, a sheep bounding across the field, and three crest-fallen, blood stained, dirt covered soldiers limping, not in pursuit of the escaped prisoner, but towards their camp near Falmouth.

CHAPTER XIV.

The pleasant associations enjoyed by the army of the Potomac in their camp near Falmouth were interrupted during the months of March and April by the stirring events which were transpiring around them. General Hooker was determined to have his army the best ever "marshaled upon the continent." So there were drills, reviews and parades; and late in the month of April they were prepared to cross the Rappahanock river, and attack the Confederate army.

The men had the greatest confidence in their commander, and expected to march forward to victory. Captain Newton's regiment was one of those which crossed the river at Ellis Ford, and formed a portion of the Federal line of battle upon the extreme right, near the Chancellorsville house. On that fatal May afternoon, when the corps of General Howard was so disastrously surprised and defeated by General Jackson, Newton's regiment was in an advanced position, directly in front of

the Chancellorsville house, in pursuit of what they supposed to be the retreating Confederates. That portion of the Federal skirmish line which he at that time commanded, had reached the "Brock road," and was pressing as rapidly through the dense underbrush as they could, when the awful roar of the battle, and retreat upon their right and rear, informed them of the disaster which had turned the tide of battle against the Federal forces. But as he received no orders to fall back upon the main line of battle, they continued to press onward, driving the Confederate skirmishers before them. Before the sun had passed from view the Confederates began to drive them back; and to add to the peril of their position, they were fired upon from the rear, showing that the Confederates were behind them as well as in front.

Matters immediately became worse, and Will Newton gave the order for "each man to look out for himself." There was a running skirmish through the pine forest. A portion of the Federals managed to escape, but a larger number were captured. Captain Newton found himself surrounded by a dozen gray soldiers who demanded him to surrender; and seeing no possible chance for escape, he

obeyed with the best grace he could command. Two of his captors took him in charge and started for the rear. They followed the Brock road to the point where it intersects with the wilderness turnpike, and then followed the latter thoroughfare to the old Wilderness tavern, His captors were both Virginians, and being very talkative, he gathered much information from them.

"You'ens have got it this time," said one of them.

"What about the battle on our right?" asked Newton.

"We'ens have gone in thar right smart, I reckon," said the Confederate.

"What has been the result?" anxiously enquired the Federal.

"Old Jack has captured your whole right wing, and before midnight, your whole army will either be captured or driven back across the Rappahannock," responded the exultant Confederate.

When the three men reached the old turnpike which led directly from the battle field to the Wilderness tavern, it did look as if the Confederates' declaration was true; for the Federals were coming back as prisoners by thousands. Many of them were Germans, who looked so thoroughly frightened

that one would suppose they had lost their last earthly friend.

"How many men have you in the fight?" asked Newton of his captors.

"Reckon we'ens are equal to about two hundred thousand," said the other.

"Oh, no, that cannot be!" replied Newton. "How do you reckon?"

"Well, sir," responded the Confederate; "we have fifty thousand men; then ole massa Bob Lee is equal to fifty thousand more, and ole 'Jack' is good for a round hundred thousand, making us equal to two hundred thousand men." And the fellow grinned at his own wit and assurance.

Will Newton now found himself in a novel situation. He was a prisoner of war; and with some two thousand other prisoners was guarded within a large field near the old tavern. They were six miles from the battle field; but the roar of the conflict could be distinctly heard. Darkness came on, but the battle raged with unabated vigor. Confederate couriers were dashing back from the front reporting great successes gained by their army and corresponding disasters for the Federals. All this added

to the gloom resting upon the hearts of the prisoners.

Late in the evening, rumors came back to the Wilderness tavern that some reverse had befallen the Confederates. The Federal prisoners and Confederate guards each anxiously waited to learn what the disaster was. At midnight it was stated that Stonewall Jackson was seriously wounded, and would soon be brought back to that point in an ambulance. This report was quickly confirmed by the arrival of that wounded general. The Confederates were loud in their expressions of sorrow over their great misfortune; for they contended that the death of Jackson would be the most serious loss which their army could sustain.

It can be easily imagined how anxious Will Newton was to escape from his imprisonment and rejoin his regiment; and during the early hours of the night he was on the alert to improve the first favorable opportunity. But it was nearly daylight before he saw any hope of succeeding. The Confederate guards were not only tired and sleepy, but were very much oppressed with the misfortune which had befallen their great leader, General Jackson. As the Federal prisoners were all lying upon

A Cavalry Engagement on the Rappahanock.

the ground, as they supposed asleep, the guards relaxed their accustomed vigilance, and gathered in groups of two or three along the line surrounding the Federals and talked over the situation. Will Newton made his way upon his hands and knees near to where two of the sentinels stood talking, and heard one of them say: "We have licked the blue bellies again."

"Yes," said the other, "but if old Jack dies we are the losers."

"That is so," replied the other. "Old Jack is worth more to us than the whole Yankee army, even if we had captured it all."

While the two guards were thus talking over the state of affairs, Will Newton continued his course upon his hands and knees and was soon out of sight of the guards. He then arose to his feet and ran towards the woods as fast as he could go. When he considered himself at a safe distance from his guards he paused to decide upon what course to pursue to rejoin the Federal army. His first thought was to strike out in a course directly opposite from the battle field and then make a wide circuit through the forest, crossing one of the upper fords of the Rappahanock and thus escape to his command.

But he finally decided that the boldest plan would be both the safest and the easiest.

The road leading from the Wilderness tavern to the Confederate army upon the battle field at Chancellorsville was filled with stragglers and wounded men making their way back to the rear. All was disorder and confusion, but as it was so dark, the color of a uniform could not be distinguished. Newton resolved to walk along that road, and if possible, thus make his escape. He accordingly entered the turnpike and walked on very quickly towards Chancellorsville. Throwing off his officer's coat and hat, bare headed and in his shirt sleeves, he was enabled to walk with great rapidity, so that when daylight dawned he was where the battle had began the previous day. He saw an old pair of gray trowsers upon the ground and drew them on over his own. He also found an old white hat, and picking up a musket and equipments from the ground he boldly marched for the front as a Confederate soldier. He met a small group of Confederate officers. "Where are you going, my man?" demanded one of them.

"To the front to revenge Jackson," replied Newton, as he trudged onward.

He did not continue his way along the road but directed his step towards the Confederate left. Soon reaching their line of battle, which he found in a very demoralized condition, and without attracting any special notice from the men who supposed he was simply in search of his regiment somewhere in the line, he passed on to the skirmish line. Here he quickly ascertained that he was in close proximity to the Federals. The pickets were exchanging shots with great rapidity, being separated by a distance of about a hundred yards. Will Newton displayed great zeal as a skirmisher for a short time, loading and firing with rapidity, but taking good care to aim so high that he would not injure any of his comrades on the other skirmish line. He gradually worked his way to the front in advance of the Confederate skirmishers.

"Look out how you go out there!" said one; "for those Yankees are shooting mighty careless this morning."

Newton did not heed this timely caution, but continued to dodge from tree to tree until he thought he had reached a place where it would be wise for him to change his tactics; so throwing down his

gun he ran like a deer for the Federal pickets shouting as he ran, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!"

The Confederates sent a few shots after him, but to his great joy, he safely reached his comrades and quickly made himself known to them and narrated his method of escape. The men gave him a hearty welcome, furnishing him with a few hard-tack and giving him all the facts which they knew about the disastrous defeat of General Howard on the preceding day, while he in turn informed them of the serious wounding of the great Confederate General, Stonewall Jackson. This intelligence elated the Federals as much as it had discouraged the Confederates. They declared that they did not care for the whole rebel army if Jackson was only out of the way.

Captain Newton pursued his journey through the woods until he reached the Chancellorsville house, where General Hooker had several days before established his head-quarters. Here he saw a scene of confusion almost beyond description.

He made his way through the crowds of stragglers and wounded soldiers and soon learned that his regiment was in the line of battle at Fair View, a few hundred yards in front of Hooker's head-quarters.

He immediately joined his company who welcomed him with three cheers and a tiger.

Captain Newton was glad to find that his regiment had not sustained a great loss on the previous day, were now in good fighting trim and waiting for the rebels to make an attack upon them.

They had not long to wait, for the reckless Gen. Stewart, who took command of Jackson's troops that morning, immediately ordered them to charge upon the Federal lines and sweep every thing before them.

It was on Sunday morning that this terrible charge was made. The Federals had the advantage of superior numbers and also of position. The Confederates had the great advantage of superior generalship and went to their work determined to win. They were inspired by the victory of Saturday, and also with a desire to revenge the fall of General Jackson. The greatest fury of the charge fell upon the Federal line around Fair View. The line was formed on the crest of a little hill on the edge of the woods and the whole brow of the hill frowned with batteries. The Confederates came through the woods with the most reckless desperation. Twice they charged upon the Federal line and were re-

pulsed. The ground shook under the combined roar of the artillery of both armies. Shells were bursting every where. The Confederates charged the third time. The Federal line was obliged to recoil. Captain Newton's regiment was flanked from its position and with a fearful loss was driven backward. They rallied however, and made a stand among the battery guns which they were to defend. It was a deadly struggle. Confederate shells fired from batteries beyond the woods fell upon them killing blue and gray alike. The battery horses were all killed. Dead and dying men lay beside the guns where they had fallen. The Confederates were determined to capture the artillery and the Federals were resolved to save them. Will Newton and his company fought beside a section of a brass battery. Six times in quick succession did the fearless Confederates plant their torn flag upon the guns and as many times did Newton and his men drive them back. The gunners fought with their rammers, handspikes and every thing else which they could use. When the enemy was driven from the guns for the last time, over half of Newton's company was killed or wounded. Then came orders to fall back in order to contract the lines. The

wounded men were assisted a short distance to the rear. The dead were left upon the field. But how could the guns be removed? The officers in command of them were all slain and there were no horses to draw them away.

"We can haul them off ourselves!" shouted Captain Newton, as he sprang forward to assist in the work.

But at that moment half a dozen Confederate shells burst around them, and both gun-carriages were disabled.

"What shall we do with them now?" asked Newton.

A grizzly old gunner with a terrible wound in his face, replied, "The rebels must not have these guns, sir. Here is a deep well into which we could dump them. I don't think they would get them out in a hurry."

"All right!" shouted Newton. "Boys, pitch them down the well!"

There was but little time for them to perform the task, for the rebels were already charging again in their front and nearly surrounding them. The men responded to the call of Newton with a cheer, and the two great brass guns went plunging down forty

feet to the bottom of the well. Then back across the field they ran only in time to escape being captured by the victorious Confederates.

Before noon Chancellorsville was in the possession of General Stewart. The Federals met with disaster every where upon the field of Chancellorsville, and notwithstanding the bravery of the Federal soldiers and the skill of many officers, the great army of General Hooker retreated across the Rappahanock river, leaving thousands of their dead and wounded in the hands of an enemy whom they outnumbered nearly three to one.

Through a drenching rain storm the soldiers tramped through the mud with an uncomplaining fortitude and returned to their old winter quarters around Falmouth.

CHAPTER XV.

During the latter half of the month of June, 1863, the army of the Potomac followed the Rebel army under General Lee across the Potomac river, through the state of Maryland, and entered Pennsylvania. Captain Newton at the head of his company, marched all these weary miles. There were many excellent men in his command of whom he was justly proud; and he had no fear but that when the enemy was encountered upon the field of battle, his company would maintain its good reputation for bravery and discipline. He was on the most intimate terms of friendship with every man, and yet there were none for whom he cherished the same feelings which he had for Bill Logan and Dan Eliott. He had hoped when they crossed the Potomac river and entered Maryland, that an opportunity would be offered him to visit their graves, and also look in upon his old friends near Sharpsburg. But in marching through Maryland, near Frederick City, they learned that all the passes of the South Mountain range were

guarded by the Confederates, so that privilege was denied to him.

It was evident to all, that when the Confederates were encountered, there would be the greatest conflict of the war. Each day Captain Newton prayed that his Heavenly Father would so govern and control the affairs of the Nation, that when the battle was fought, it would be decided in favor of the Federals, and inflict the death blow upon the Confederates.

It was while the army was thus marching through Maryland, that General Hooker resigned his command and General Meade was promoted to fill the position. Late on the night of July first, Will Newton reached Gettysburg. His regiment had made a most weary march to reach that point, for a battle had been raging nearly all day. Two army corps, the first and eleventh, commanded respectively by Generals Reynolds and Howard, had met the Confederate army, and after a desperate battle had been driven back with great loss. General Reynolds himself, one of the most gallant and skillful officers in the army, being among the slain. The victorious Confederates were now in their immediate front, and the battle would be renewed in the morning. The

exhausted men threw themselves upon the ground to get a little rest and sleep. The stars twinkled peacefully upon the scene. The stillness of night was broken however, by the sharp crack of the picket's rifle, and by the preparation which was being made for the battle of the morrow. It is a great mercy that soldiers can sleep under such circumstances, and that even their dreams are not disturbed by the dark shadows of coming events. Thousands of men slept that night on the fields of Gettysburg who on the following night would sleep the sleep of death. Yet their dreams were pleasant;—peace, the Union unbroken, home, friends and rest, were the objects which, like beautiful paintings, they gazed upon during those unconscious hours.

In the early dawn of July second, Will Newton and his comrades were aroused, that they might be ready for any emergency which should arise. Their regiment was not placed in the front line of battle, but was held in reserve. During all the forenoon no general engagement was brought on. There was some skirmishing, each picket on either side being ever on the alert to shoot his antagonist upon the other picket line. So that the sharp crack of

rifles and the music of the minie-ball were constantly heard.

It is always an interesting study to watch a regiment of old soldiers when they are waiting for orders to move into battle. The experience gained in past conflicts has taught them that war is no child's play; and that the glory of the battle field is only desirable and enjoyable when seen upon paper. There is not much talk made. A recruit here and there expresses a desire to engage in this his first battle; but he is looked upon with unmingled pity and contempt by his veteran comrades as he makes such thoughtless remarks. Many of the bravest men look pale and gloomy; some are grimly engaged in examining their guns and equipments, that they may be in the most effective condition; others are occupied in conversation, speaking in low tones, as if loud conversation would awaken the elements of the battle. Some are carefully re-packing their baggage and looking upon the small articles of treasure which have been their companions for so long a time. A few were sleeping as if to secure by it renewed vigor and strength. A large proportion were busily engaged in writing letters. Will Newton was included in the last

named class. He had just completed a long letter to his friend at Maplewood. The epistle thus indited was as follows:

GETTYSBURG, PENN., July 2nd, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Lamb:

We are here upon the battle field waiting for the great conflict to open. We have had a long, weary march from where I wrote you last. When we came through the State of Maryland I was very anxious to visit the graves of my old comrades at Boonsboro: but the presence of the Confederates prevented it. My men, like myself, are very much exhausted by the long forced march. The battle here began yesterday when we were thirty miles away. As you will have learned by the papers, the Federal troops were outnumbered and defeated with a heavy loss. The one redeeming feature about it is this. Our soldiers fought with great gallantry, inflicting severe losses upon the enemy and holding them back until re-inforcements arrived. General Reynolds. commander of the first corps, was killed. We expect the battle to open every minute. It will be one of the most important and desperate of the war. Our line of battle is formed upon a long ridge of land and is well protected by artillery. If the enemy make an attack upon us in this position we shall have a great advantage over them. Many lives will be sacrificed for the country here to-day. My own is quite liable to be included in that list. And feeling this, I could not refrain from writing these lines to you, my best and dearest living friend. I have never regretted for a single moment that I enlisted; for the longer I remain here, the more thoroughly am I convinced that the war must go on until

slavery is abolished and the doctrine of State Rights be destroyed; and if it is my lot to fall, all is well. My life will have been a success. In case this is my last letter, you understand my wishes in relation to all my worldly affairs. In that event, if my grave is marked, convey my remains to Maplewood and place them beside father and mother. Give my kindest regards to your family; assure them and all the friends in Maplewood that I have never forgotten them, or the many tokens of favor which they have shown me.

Hoping that this will find you all well, I remain as ever.

Your friend,

WILL NEWTON.

The battle on the second day at Gettysburg was opened by General Lee, who threw forward his right wing under command of General Longstreet. This movement brought the corps commanded by the last named officer in collision with the third corps of the Federal army commanded by General Sickles. These troops were posted upon the Emmettsburg turnpike in a singular and somewhat unfortunate formation. The Confederates moved to the attack with great gallantry and vigor. Their batteries gained a position from which they enfiladed the line of General Sickles. The brave Union troops fought like men who knew that the honor and

safety of their country depended upon their conduct The battle as thus opened by Longstreet's two divisions, commanded by Generals McLaws and Hood, throwing themselves upon the veterans of the third corps, was one of the wildest spectacles presented during the war. Back and forth the two lines rolled again and again, looking like moving windrows of fire as they fought. But it soon became apparent to General Meade that Sickles must be re-inforced or his entire corps would be destroyed. It was a most critical moment, not only in the history of the battle, but also in the history of the Nation and of Christian civilization.

But thanks to the tardiness of General Lee in making the attack, re-inforcements were at hand. Messengers pressed the spurs against the flanks of their steeds and dashed here and there over the field, and soon lines of men were in motion marching to re-inforce the shattered columns of Sickles. Among these was the regiment of Will Newton. Down over the northern slope of Cemetery ridge they came upon the double-quick. They were led into the battle at that famous point known as the peach orchard, at the point of the fatal angle in the line of General Sickles. It was an awful tide of death and

disaster which they were thus called upon to breast.

Shells were screaming through the air, bursting in the ground, and filling the air with clouds of earth and hundreds of deadly missiles; solid shot was bounding like foot-balls through the ranks and above the heads of the men; the fatal minie-balls were coming like hailstones from a storm cloud; men dead and dying were scattered upon the ground; others with ghastly wounds were painfully walking to the rear; scores of battery horses were either disabled or flying riderless across the fields.

Such was the fight into which Will Newton led his men on that memorable afternoon. As the new line formed with a cheer, the shattered fragments of the old line gave way and went back in confusion. The Confederates followed up their advantage with much vigor and burst like a tornado upon the Federal line. They struck Newton's regiment like a tidal-wave of death. His company was in the center, at the colors; both wings of the regiment were swept away while the center was shattered by the storm of iron missiles which burst upon it. Will Newton called upon his men to stand firm. The color-sergeant was shot down, and every member of the color guard was either killed or disabled.

GEN. MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG.

Will Newton caught up the colors and gave them to a sergeant in his own company. By this time the Confederates had advanced so near that it was simply a hand to hand conflict, with the great advantage of superior numbers on the side of the Confederates. Captain Newton stood in front of his men fighting like a demon. He did not notice that his supporters had nearly all been disabled or pressed back; that he was almost alone and surrounded by his foes. A rifle ball went crashing through his shoulder and lungs. He fell. There was no Dan Eliott or Bill Logan to defend him. The Confederates rushed on, and Will Newton, wounded and unconscious, was left within the enemy's lines.

As the afternoon waned the conflict increased in its fury. The slaughter was almost unparalleled in the history of the civil war. Darkness alone caused a cessation of the horrors, and the survivors sank once more upon the ground to rest. Thousands of brave men were lying wounded upon the field and their groans were heart-rending. Others lay with their cold faces turned upward their dumb lips speaking in condemnation of violence and war. Over two-thirds of Captain Newton's regiment was reported killed or wounded that night, and among

all the lost, there was not one who was more sadly missed than was Will Newton.

The third day dawned over the wearied but undaunted hosts which for two days had fought on the battle field of Gettysburg. Neither army was willing to call it a drawn game. The battle opened on the Federal right at an early hour and raged until nine o'clock in the morning, an important advantage being gained by the Federal soldiers.

All was quiet until three o'clock in the afternoon when one hundred and fifty guns on either side opened the most terrific cannonade that ever shook the continent. For an hour this duel lasted. It was appalling beyond all description. Then came the grand charge of General Pickett's splendid division. This movement was the forlorn hope of the Confederates, and it was without doubt the most magnificent charge of the war. They reached the Federal lines and were for a few moments victorious; but they were overpowered, flanked, nearly surrounded and overwhelmed. Very many were killed and wounded; others were captured and only a small remnant escaped to the Confederate line.

This was the last demonstration made upon that historic field. Sadly did General Lee reform his

broken columns and prepare to escape by a rapid retreat across the mountain and the Potomac river to Virginia. The army of General Meade, sadly smitten and decimated, could not make a vigorous pursuit. Over fifty thousand men had been killed, wounded or captured.

The rebellion had touched its high water mark and from that hour its fortunes began to wane. The North was encouraged by this great victory to make large preparations to prosecute the war, which thenceforth was to be carried on upon a more magnificent scale than before.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the fourth day of July, 1863. The telegraphic wires had flashed all over New England the intelligence of the great victory won by the Federal army at Gettysburg. It was a season of mingled pleasure and grief;—joy, on account of victory and safety for the Union, and grief for the wounded and dead. The papers were filled with long lists of names which were scanned with the greatest interest by every one. Every town in New England was thrilled with a new life. Maplewood was no exception. That village had many gallant sons who had fought on that field, and there was the greatest anxiety on the part of relatives and friends to ascertain what their fate had been.

Among those who were waiting at the post-office for the arrival of the daily mail and the morning papers, was our old friend, Jerry Lamb. His smiling red face was this morning pale and anxious as if some great care pressed upon his mind. The

long looked for papers arrived. Jerry Lamb secured his mail, sprang into the buggy, and as his horse walked towards home he anxiously looked over the columns of casualties.

"Oh, God, how horrible!" he groaned, as he saw the long lists of the killed. After some difficulty he found the regiment for which he was so anxiously looking, and almost the first name that caught his eye was "Captain Newton wounded, probably mortal, and captured." That was all, but it was enough. The paper dropped from Jerry's hand; the reins lay loosely upon the horse's back. Great tears rolled down the good man's cheeks; sobs came surging from his heart. He could only say, "It is too bad! *too bad! too bad!*"

After a few moments he recovered himself. Again he read that fatal line, "Will Newton, wounded, probably mortal, and captured." He drew up the reins firmly, the whip cracked upon the back of the astonished horse who rushed frantically along the road.

Jerry Lamb reached home. He dashed into the house where his family were anxiously awaiting the news. "Listen!" said he, in a tone of authority, and once more read that sentence which had been

hastily constructed by some newspaper correspondent on the field of battle. "Will Newton, wounded, probably mortal, and captured." "You see," cried Jerry, "it is not a settled fact that Will is dead. All hope is not lost. Here, Sam!" calling to the hired man, "turn that horse and carry me to D——. I shall take the first train for Gettysburg."

"Why husband!" "Why father!" cried a quartette of voices; "are you insane?"

"No; but I shall be unless I can find poor Will Newton, dead or alive. Good-bye all,"—and without waiting to change his wearing apparel he ran to the carriage, waved a final adieu and was gone.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Lamb.

"I am so glad he has gone. Poor Will," sobbed Miss Lamb.

"Gracious! won't he have a big time looking over the battle field; wish he had taken us both along with him!" exclained the two young Lambs in a chorus.

When the train reached Gettysburg at noon, on the sixth day of July, a large number of gentlemen and ladies alighted from it. Many were correspondents; others who came to look the field over to gratify their curiosity; some to assist in the general

care of the wounded, while many, very many came on the sad errand of looking for their friends, uncertain as to their fate. Among the latter was Jerry Lamb. He sprang from the train almost before it had ceased to move, and seeing an officer standing near he ran up to him and said, "Tell me, sir, where the boss of the concern can be found?"

The officer smiled as he replied, "If you mean the 'medical director,' you will find his office where that flag is flying yonder."

Mr. Lamb remained to hear no more and soon reached the building pointed out to him. He entered. There were many officers present, but Jerry Lamb knew nothing of their rank and cared less about it. "I want the man who has charge here!" he exclaimed, as he entered.

A tall, dark, stern featured officer stood near. "I am the surgeon in charge, sir," he responded. "What do you want?"

"I am a plain, practical man, sir," replied Jerry Lamb; "but I come looking for that man," pointing to the sentence in the newspaper which we have quoted. "Tell me all you can about him."

"I know nothing about him," replied the officer; "If he is now living, he has probably been carried

by the Confederates to Virginia; but much more likely he is dead and buried before this time."

"For whom is he looking?" questioned a pleasant looking physician who stood near.

"For Captain Will Newton of——regiment," quickly answered Mr. Lamb.

"I do not know where he is," said the other. "But a member of his regiment is wounded in my tent. If you will go with me we will see if he knows anything about him."

They entered the great tent and stood beside a sergeant who had lost one leg, and had also received a desperate wound in his breast. "Sergeant," asked the surgeon, "Do you know Captain Will Newton of your regiment?"

"Captain Will Newton!" responded the soldier, "well, I should think so. Ain't I a sergeant in his company, and didn't I fight by his side out in the peach orchard there? Captain Will Newton, I tell you, gentlemen, is a white man. A perfect tiger in a battle, and won't he be awfully missed from our regiment?" And the poor fellow cried like a child.

"What became of him?" asked Mr. Lamb.

"This gentleman," interrupted the surgeon, "is a particular friend of Captain Newton, and is very anxious to learn all he can about him; but I fear that if you talk it will inflame your wounds, and you are too weak to run such a risk."

"What! are you a friend of Will Newton's?" eagerly asked the sergeant, "Then you sit down here beside my bed and I will tell you all about it. Live or die, if you know my captain I will talk any way!"

Mr. Lamb seated himself beside the rude bed, and the wounded sergeant began: "You see, old fellow, how it was. Dan Sickles was out there on the Emmettsburg pike with the old third corps, and old Longstreet undertook to smash him. Sickles was being pushed pretty hard when they poked us fellows in to help him out of his scrape and save the day. We got in the very worst place in the whole line, and just in time to be too late. The rebels were wading in big, and our fellows were trying to get out just as fast as they could. We went in with a yell and tried to stop the rebels; but the job was too big for us. Our company was in the center of the regiment, in a moment both our flanks were shot to pieces and the center was badly shat-

tered. It was an awful time. My captain, sir, stood right out in front, bare-headed and with a revolver in each hand he blazed away not ten feet from the Confederates. I stood beside him until he went down. He put his hand up to his shoulder and breast and fell like dead. My leg went off at the same time. The rebels ran over me, but dragged him back within their lines. I crawled towards our lines and got about half the way back when I got another wound, and then subsided until after the battle was over. I think that without doubt the captain is dead. I know that he got a hard blow by the way he went down."

Mr. Lamb was very grateful to find a man who had stood beside his friend in battle, and thanked him for all his information; then with that kindness for which he was distinguished, asked, "Have you the means to purchase all the delicacies and things you will need here?"

"I have no money, sir," replied the soldier; but the citizens kindly give me many things to eat so that I am comfortable."

"I don't want any man who fought with my boy to depend altogether upon charity," proudly re-

sponded Mr. Lamb. "Here, my good fellow, take this," and he put a fifty dollar note in the sergeant's hands.

"Well, well, if I ain't beat!" said the sergeant, as Mr. Lamb passed from the tent. "Fifty dollars! Twenty-five of that will be all I shall need, and when he calls again I will ask him if he is willing for me to send the other twenty-five to wife and children."

Mr. Lamb walked across the fields to where the Confederate line of battle had been formed. He was sad and depressed. It looked as if his errand was a fruitless one and that no indication of Will Newton could be found. Being weary he hired a team and rode slowly along the Chambersburg turnpike.

Before he was aware of it the sun had nearly passed from view behind the South Mountain hills, and he found that he had come a long distance from Gettysburg. There was a little hut standing by the roadside nearly concealed from view by the dense foliage of surrounding shade trees. Mr. Lamb spoke to an aged negro who was standing in the yard and inquired how far it was back to the village.

"Plump eight miles, I reckon, sah;" was the answer.

"Did the Confederates trouble you any on their retreat?" asked Mr. Lamb.

"Oh, golly, sah! not in de least. Spects dey might ob done so, sah, but ole woman and me hid in de bushes."

"Did you see any of the prisoners whom they had taken pass this way?"

"Yes, sah; lots ob Massa Linkum's men went back lookin' mighty sorry, too, dey was."

"Were any of the prisoners wounded?"

"Wounded? Lord a massa, sah! guess you would tink so had you been he-ah, sah; sich groaning and crying I neber he'rd in my life, sah; and den dey left dead ones scattered all along de road, and for a whole day I worked to bury de poor fellows."

"Did they leave any of the wounded who were not dead?" asked Mr. Lamb, and to the surprise of that gentleman, the old negro gave a somewhat evasive answer.

"Why do you not give me a direct reply, sir?" said Mr. Lamb.

"Because, sah; dese am perilous times. De people who live up between he-ah and de mountains am all Secessioners. De rebels may be back he-ah in a

day or two, and it am not sartin whose hands de ole woman and I fall into."

"But what has all this to do with the question I asked you about the rebels leaving wounded men along this road?"

"Dat am de very secret, sah; and if you swear never to go back on de ole man I will tell you de whole story."

"You can depend on me to keep your secret," replied Mr. Lamb, now thoroughly interested.

"Sah, you see de rebels went back dis way wid all their wounded. When dey died in de wagon dey would unload dem and drive on. It was about daylight on de morning of de fourth of July, I was peaking out through de trees thar to see what was going on. A wagon stopt right he-ah. De driver wid a big oath said he wouldn't haul dem dead men any longer and he took out from de wagon, sah, six dead bodies. It made me groan to see how he tumbled dem down like ole truck upon de ground. Den he jumped upon the seat and drove on like de wind. I watched my chance, and when for a few minutes dar was no teams passing, I went out here whar de dead men were. I found dat five ob dem were rebels, de other one was a Linkum sojer in de

bressed blue uniform. Widout stopping to think, I'se took him up in these arms like a chile and toted him in to de house, sah. I'se laid him on de floor, when good gracious, I'se like to lose my breff, cose he groaned like as he wasn't dead. Den I run for de ole woman and we tuk him up tender like and put him on de bed out ob sight for fear de rebels might come and find him. De old woman found de kam-fire, bundles of yarbs, and udder things and has dosed him day and night. But he am as cazy as a coot, we don't dare to say nuffin, or go any whar, for fear de rebels and Sessioners will kill us all."

The little hut was dark. The negro led the way to a small room in one corner. Through the cracks there came a faint gleam of sunshine that but dimly lighted the room. Upon a low, rude, coarse bed in one corner was the form of a man. The dim light fell upon a countenance, pale; but at that moment flushed by fever. An old negress was bending over the bed bathing the man's temples and singing in a low, weird tone.

"Ole woman, I'se brought this gemman to see de sojer."

The ole woman thus accosted, sprang to her feet, as if to defend her patient if it was necessary; but Mr. Lamb did not notice her. He only saw the form on the bed. He sank beside it, and while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, he sobbed, "Oh Will, my boy, my boy, don't you know me?"

The poor sufferer turned his head with a feeble motion and muttered, "Who called—Dan Eliott? Bill Logan?" and then he was silent.

Suddenly Mr. Lamb answered, and began to plan with his accustomed energy. He turned to the astonished negroes and said, "You watch here; take good care of him; I will go for a surgeon and be back soon."

He rushed from the house, sprang into his carriage and applied the whip to the horse in a most vigorous manner he almost flew over the road in the direction of Gettysburg, and within thirty minutes from the time he left the hut of the negroes he drew up in front of the tent where he had met the sergeant who belonged to Newton's company. As he dashed into the tent, he cried, "Where is the surgeon?"

"Here I am, sir," said that officer, stepping forward, "What do you want?"

"I have found my boy alive, and you must go with me to save his life."

"How far from here?" questioned the surgeon.

"Eight miles."

"I can be ready in five minutes; wait for me here."

The disabled sergeant cried with joy when Mr. Lamb told him that Newton was found. As Mr. Lamb was waiting for the surgeon, the veteran told him of sickness in his family at home; of heavy expenses and small income; of penury and suffering, and asked if he was willing for him to send them a portion of the fifty dollars.

"Not a cent of it," said the generous-hearted man. "Keep it all for yourself; but send them this."

A hundred dollar note fell on the soldier's face. "I only wish I could give as much to the family of every soldier who fought at Gettysburg."

The surgeon examined his patient carefully for a few moments; "a hard case," he whispered, "badly shot, high fever, much exhaustion, chances all against him. He must have the best of care. First of all, he must have different quarters and where there is light and ventilation. There is no way in which he can receive proper care here. Are there

any houses near here?" asked the surgeon of the negroes.

"One right above he-ah, sah; but he am an awful Secessioner, sah."

"Look out for the man until we come back," replied the surgeon; and motioning for Mr. Lamb to follow, he sprang into the carriage and they drove rapidly to the house referred to by the negroes. The surgeon knocked on the door with a loud rap and the owner immediately came to the door. "I have a wounded soldier just below here, sir," explained the surgeon; "He is not strong enough to be removed to Gettysburg. I want a bed and room in your house for him."

"My house is not a government hospital, sir," coldly replied the owner, as he was about to close the door upon them; but the surgeon was too quick for him, and springing inside the door he greeted the astonished proprietor as follows: "I am a surgeon in the United States service. I have full authority and power to act in these matters. I must have the best room in this house. If you keep still and do all you can to aid us it will be all right; if you cause us any more trouble I shall send you

under guard to Washington as an active sympathizer with the rebels."

From that moment the owner of the house caused them no more trouble. In the parlor a nice easy cot was arranged, and then the surgeon told the owner of the house and his son to follow himself and Mr. Lamb. They went to the negroes' hut, and using the old blankets on which Will Newton was lying as a stretcher, they bore him tenderly to the place prepared for him. The aged colored people held up their hands in mingled surprise and fear as they saw the old Secessionist and his son within their humble abode.

Every thing possible was done to alleviate the sufferings of Will Newton. For three days and nights both the surgeon and Mr. Lamb remained at his bedside. He was delirious all the time. It nearly broke Mr. Lamb's heart to hear him talk. On the third night the crisis was passed ; and just as the sun was appearing in the east the patient awoke from a long slumber. The surgeon saw that he was rational. He whispered to Mr. Lamb, "Go out as easily as you can ; *he will live*."

Mr. Lamb obeyed, but he was completely overcome by the intelligence, and weeping like a child

he walked down the road and entered the negroes' home. They saw, but misunderstood his sorrow. The old man exclaimed, "De Lord be merciful! Is de boy dead?"

"Oh no," sobbed Mr. Lamb, "He is better, he will live."

"De Lord be praised, sure!" ejaculated the old lady.

"And it is all due to you my friends," continued Mr. Lamb; "and now I want to reward you for your kindness."

"Not a cent, sah; not a cent, sah! we'se rich now sah! we'se rich! de bressed Lord am with us, we'se rich!"

"Do you own this place?" asked Mr. Lamb looking around the cabin.

"No, sah; we'se must leab he-ah dis fall, sah."

"Well, where will you go?" asked the other.

"Don't know, sah. Childer all dead; we'se no money only what I earn; but de Lord allus provides for de old chileless man and woman. No fear, sah, we'se rich!"

"But," continued the practical business man, "do you not know of some colored family where you

could have a home and board with them if you only had the money to pay for your board each week?"

"Laws, honey, dar is my neice down in Gettysburg; reckon she would be powerful glad to have us under sich sarcumstances; but her Jake am dead, and she has four little pick-a-ninnies to look out for," said the old lady.

"Well, now," replied Mr. Lamb, "you go and see her; find out what it will cost a week to board you both and come back and let me know."

The next day Mr. Lamb called again to see his old colored friends.

"I'se been down thar, sah," exclaimed the negress; "Sally was powerful glad to see me. I'se talked with her about de bo'ad, sah. She would be willin to bo'ad ole man and me if we could only pay her; but Sally is powerful poor, sah."

"What would she ask a week?" inquired Mr. Lamb.

"Wall, sah; she put on a big price, Sally did. She would give the old man and me the spare room, give us our tobaccy and tea on de Sundays, fo-ah one dollar a week."

"Not a great price either," laughed Mr. Lamb, "And now you pack your things and move right

down to Sally's, and when I go to Gettysburg in a day or two I will arrange with the town authorities there to pay you two dollars a week as long as you live. That will pay for your board and clothes."

"De Lord be praised!" fervently interrupted the old man.

As soon as the crisis in Will Newton's case was passed, Mr. Lamb sent the following telegram to his family:

"I have found him; he will live."

CHAPTER XVII.

Several days elapsed after Will Newton had passed the critical point in his case before the surgeon thought it advisable for Mr. Lamb to make himself known, so he was never present in the sick room when the patient was awake. It had been arranged that the surgeon should watch beside him at such times, and when he was asleep, Mr. Lamb was a constant attendant. One afternoon while his old friend was thus occupied, being very weary with long and anxious watching, he fell asleep. When he awoke he found that his patient was also awake, and looking upon him in amazement with eyes wide open. "Mr. Lamb!" faintly murmured Newton.

"My dear boy!" responded the other.

It would be useless for us to undertake to describe the scene that followed; but from that day Will Newton rapidly recovered. During the four weeks that elapsed after the event narrated above, and before Newton was able to be removed from the house, there were so many questions for him to to ask and so much information for his friend to communicate, that the days passed away very pleasantly to both.

They had not forgotten their old friends and benefactors, the colored people, and true to his promise, Mr. Lamb made all the necessary arrangements with a banker in Gettysburg to pay the aged couple one hundred dollars a year as long as they lived. On the day before they were to leave the village Mr. Lamb and Will Newton rode out to call upon them. The manner in which they were received and entertained was unique and ludicrous in the extreme. The inmates of "Sally's" house saw them coming and all filed out to meet them. The old man led the procession closely followed by his companion whose head was crowned with a huge bright red turban. Then came Sally and her children, all as fat and as black as the pigs in her little back yard.

"Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!" fervently ejaculated the old man, as his visitors alighted from their carriage; and the aged negress held up her hands in amazement, exclaiming, "'Pears like de honey come back from de dead! De good Lord have mercy."

They all entered the little cottage. It was plain but neat and comfortable, and it was evident to the visitors that Sally was a model housekeeper. At

Will Newton's request, Mr. Lamb carried a large, mysterious looking bundle from the carriage into the house. Will quickly opened it and began to pull forth packages which he had purchased and brought as presents to his old friends. Dry goods and groceries,—almost enough to stock a small store.

"Here uncle and auntie," gleefully called Newton, "these things are all for you," and the old couple laughed, wept, shouted and prayed all at the same time. While Will was distributing his gifts and explaining to them how they could draw their money from the bank each week, Mr. Lamb was interviewing Sally and informing her that if the old people should be sick and in distress, she was to notify the banker who would write Mr. Lamb, and that the latter gentleman would supply all their wants. Sally on her part assured him "dat de ole folks should be well tended."

The parting scene was quite an affecting one, for Newton deeply realized the great obligation which he was under to the ignorant but kind-hearted negroes who had providentially been so situated as to save his life. He gave each of them a small sum of money and Sally was also remembered quite gener-

ously in the same manner, and amidst the tears, prayers and thanks of the negroes, the two gentlemen rode away.

The arrangements were all perfected and on the early train Mr. Lamb and Newton were to leave Gettysburg for home.

There was great excitement in Maplewood. Such a day had never been known before in the history of the town. All classes of citizens were interested. Every home was in a state of commotion and every individual was upon the streets. A stranger would have supposed that some strange resurrection of life and business had taken place during the night. The occasion of it all was, that Mr. Lamb and Will Newton were expected to arrive on the noon train, and the people had come forth from their homes to welcome back from the war their first volunteer. The old ladies and gentlemen were all at the depot, prominent among whom was the good old parson and angular Deacon Keene. The middle-aged men and women had also left their work and were present in full force to honor the great event by their presence, while the boys and girls were determined to out-do all others in giving character and interest to the scene. A large arch had been erected in

front of the little depot, and on it nestling amid flowers and flags, was the one word "WELCOME." Beautiful bouquets had been prepared by the dozens, and as a leading feature of the whole affair, the two Lamb boys, in imitation of their father's public spirit, had induced the village postmaster to send down to the city of D——, the day before, and have three soldiers come up with a small cannon to fire a salute on the arrival of the train. The whole crowd was on the very "tiptoe" of excitement.

"There it comes! there it comes!" cried a score of small boys as the sound of a distant whistle was heard. In a few moments, which to the waiting crowd seemed a much longer time, the train rolled into the depot. There was a moment of breathless suspense on the part of the assembled hundreds. Soon the portly form and cheerful face of Mr. Lamb appeared upon the platform of the car, and upon his arm leaned a thin, pale, emaciated soldier. Scores of beautiful bouquets were showered upon him, while the cheers of the people and the thunder of the cannon announced that WILL NEWTON, the YOUNG VOLUNTEER, had returned to Maplewood.

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